







# Together

FOR METHODIST FAMILIES / OCTOBER 1965



*In this issue:*

**Where Martin Luther Lived**

**Which Is the Christian Woman?**

**Sam Jones, Great Evangelist**

**The Tampered Temple**

**James A. Mackay, Freshman Congressman (see page 18)**





*Enraged, the Indian youth burns his copy of the New Testament.*



*Tormented, he prays—and a vision.*

# Sadhu Sundar Singh: INDIA'S CHRISTIAN 'HOLY' MAN

LEGIONS OF holy men have lived, meditated, and died in India, but few have been followers of Christ as was Sundar Singh, "Apostle of the Bleeding Feet." His zeal and undying faith is depicted here by Frank Wesley, an Indian artist whose work previously has been featured in *TOGETHER*. The paintings are selected from a filmstrip available through the Radio, Visual Education, and Mass Communication Committee of the National Council of Churches.

Born in Punjab in 1889, he received his early training in the Sikh religion from his mother, and could repeat the 698 stanzas of the *Bhagavad-Gita* (Song of the Blessed One) at the age of seven. Learning about Christianity, his hatred was so intense that he burned a copy of the New Testament. Later when he experienced a vision of Jesus, he declared: "With these hands

*Dying beside the trail, he is rescued by a cave-dwelling hermit.*



*In Tibet, he is rescued three days after.*







stretched, appears in his room.



Converted, Sundar Singh realizes parish preaching is not for him.

I burned the Testament, but now, as long as I live, my life is in the hands of Jesus."

Persecuted and stoned, he enrolled in a Christian school, was baptized, donned the robe of a *sadhu* (holy man), and took to the road. Rocks on the mountain trails cut his feet as he pressed on through cold, rain, and heat.

Sundar Singh, at 19, entered St. John's Divinity College at Lahore, but decided the parish ministry was too confining for his spirit, and hit the trail again.

In Tibet, he was seized and thrown into a dry well. The cover was slammed down and locked, but three days later an unknown person lowered a rope and he was rescued. Later he learned that the village lama (Buddhist priest) had the only key to the lock.

Seized again in the town of Ilom, he was stretched

across a board to be taunted and spat upon. Leeches were placed upon his body, but he sang Christian songs into the night. Suddenly, two men—both Christians—were beside him, cutting his bonds.

The fame of Sadhu Sundar Singh spread. His writings were widely distributed. In south India, as many as 10,000 would gather to hear him speak. His father, who had rejected him, accepted Christianity; he traveled abroad and spoke to thousands in Europe and America. But Tibet called again, and on a spring morning in 1929 he was gone, never to be seen again.

Some believe Sundar Singh could still be alive; others think that he met the martyr's death he had so often eluded before. One thing seems certain: as long as he lived, his life was in the hands of Jesus, as he vowed it always would be.

—H. B. TEETER.

n into a well.

In Himalayan snows, Sundar Singh's role is that of good Samaritan.





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with thine? Dost thou love and serve  
God? It is enough, I give thee  
the right hand of fellowship.

—John Wesley (1703-1791)

# Together

For Methodist Families / October 1965

## IN THIS ISSUE



After-Hour Jollings . . . When Managing Editor Paige Carlin went to Washington to interview Congressman James Buckley, he could hardly help being impressed by the edifice surrounding one of his talks with the Georgia lawmaker. It was a May morning, an hour or two before the House of Representatives was to convene at noon, and the two sat together alone in seats close to the speaker's rostrum. Now Mr. Carlin, like most former newspapermen, has acquired a certain immunity to imposing personages and edifices. But he also is a former schoolboy—and what schoolboy, past or present, steeped in American history could sit in these hallowed chambers without a feeling of awe?

When, all in one issue, you turn from Martin Luther [see pages 35-41] to a Georgia congressman, a legendary Methodist evangelist, an Indian "holy man," and the coach of a big-time football team, you have covered a lot of space, time, and—for lack of a better word—

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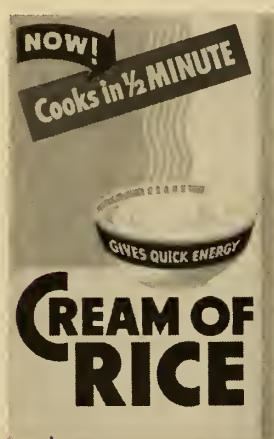
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## JOTTINGS / (Continued from page 3)

temperament. Now that we look back over these pages, however, we think we note a thread that runs through this assortment of personalities.

Each of these five men served or is serving, in one of the countless ways one can serve as a disciple of Jesus Christ. Each sets the glowing example to shape or change the lives of others.

We noted last month that, by sheer coincidence, the state of Minnesota and several of its inhabitants had turned up in TOGETHER's pages all out of proportion to other states. We note this month that, again by sheer coincidence, Georgia heads the list. The congressman [see cover and page 18] is from Georgia; **Sam Jones**, Methodism's great evangelist of yesterday [page 43], was a Georgian, as is **Frank Broyles**, the Arkansas coach [page 65].

One afternoon about 40 years ago, another schoolboy picked up a book in the tiny home where his aged grandmother spent her last years—and he kept on reading until after the old coal-oil lamps were lighted. The book was a 600-page collection of Sam Jones's sermons titled *Thunderbolts*. It included a short autobiographical sketch by the evangelist, along with more than 100 illustrations. Any man, we're thinking, who can pull a 12-year-old away from swimming, fishing, and the apple orchard must have something. Print, of course, cannot carry



*Behind the book, our Herm Teeter.*

the eloquence and pulpit magnetism of the master preacher. But to this day the book holds a great fascination for Associate Editor **H. B. Teeter**, whose article on page 43 captures at least some of the spirit of the man.

Grandma Teeter, who must have heard Sam Jones preach, gave her grandson the book, one of the prized ones in her small library which included a Bible, a life of **John Wesley** and a Methodist hymnal. *Thunderbolts*, somewhat worn today, also includes the photograph of Sam Jones used by artist Jack White as the model for his masterful montage on page 42.

Probably there would have been no article about Sam Jones, in this issue at least, had one grandmother not been so generous a long time ago. A great deal of credit also belongs to the late Rev. **Walt B. Holcomb**, Sam Jones's son-in-law,



*Toad study: Sally Geis and son*

who lived in Atlanta, Ga., at the time of his death, age 89, early this year. More additional facts about Sam Jones, along with some of his sayings, came from Mr. Holcomb's book, *Sam Jones: Ambassador of the Almighty*.

Sometimes magazine articles become reality just like that. Ordinarily, however, they don't just happen; they don't "just grow" like Topsy, nor do they always turn out to be what they started to in the first place.

**Sally Ann Geis's** *Will the Real Christian Woman Please Arise?* [pages 25-2] started as an idea more than two years ago in New York when Editor **Richard Underwood** chatted with **Mrs. Port Brown**, then general secretary of the Woman's Division of Christian Service, now general secretary of the Methodist Board of Missions. During a discussion of Woman's Society program ideas, it was suggested that church women should be urged to participate actively in the work of the worthy community-service agency outside the church itself. Later, when **Mrs. Brown** was asked to explore this in an article for TOGETHER, she agreed but was unable to find the time.

It was no accident, however, when **Mrs. Geis's** own manuscript arrived early this year. The author happens to be **Mrs. Brown's** daughter, so obviously a touch with her mother had sparked her own enthusiasm for the idea.

"It isn't precisely what we had in mind at first," says Editor Underwood. "But it approaches the same problem from a different direction and does an excellent job of stimulating thought."

Agree, ladies? —YOUR EDITOR

### ILLUSTRATION CREDITS

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## The Church in Action

# It's Back to School for Laymen

OUT IN Southern California's Pomona Valley, an important fruit-growing region east of Los Angeles, 68 laymen decided last fall to take a serious crack at theology. Choosing from three courses—*Background to New Testament Theology*, *Living Issues in Theology*, and *Protestant Faith and the Family*—they enrolled in the Pomona Valley Lay School of Theology. Classes met in the Methodist-related School of Theology at Claremont and were conducted by faculty members of the Claremont graduate school.

Signing up for a course meant attending two 50-minute classes every Monday night for six weeks. And yet, at the end of the six weeks, attendance had averaged 99 percent—rather remarkable in view of the fact that classes were conducted at the end of a full workday for each man in his office, factory, or place of business. And class members did their homework, too!

**A Movement Grows:** This show of enthusiasm in the Pomona Valley is matched by laymen in other parts of the country as well. Lay schools of theology, sometimes called lay academies, are springing up in many cities. Scarce only five years ago, they are rapidly increasing both in number and in enrollment. They come into being wherever earnest laymen want to move beyond the theological instruction they may have received from church-school classes or sermons.

Greater Kansas City, for example, has a Lay Academy of Ecumenical Studies that began three years ago at the suggestion of a Saint Paul School of Theology, Methodist, professor who once taught lay

*Study of theology by a growing number of lay church people is an attempt to relate faith to life.*

courses in the church he served as pastor. Inspired by the evangelical academies of Europe, he and a few other professors enlisted the co-operation of the local council of churches. Since then, evening courses for laymen have been offered during fall, winter, and spring quarters of each school year.

In Washington State, a lay school sponsored by Greater Seattle Council of Churches is in its fifth year. Though hundreds of miles from the nearest major theological seminary, it has a high-caliber teaching staff for two terms of 10 weeks each. It offers a three-year curriculum cycle.

Middle Western and Eastern states also have their share of academies. A layman, a district superintendent, and a university Bible teacher mustered the right combination of leadership to sparkplug a Methodist-sponsored lay school in the Minneapolis-St. Paul area two winters ago. Hamline University faculty members and local clergymen did the teaching. And in South Carolina, Methodists have co-operated since 1962 in the interdenominational Columbia School of Theology for the Laity in that state's capital city.

Some lay schools are frankly experimental. All are searching for new ways to involve laymen more deeply in adult Christian education that approaches a college-level of study and dialogue. None, however, is directly related to the regular curricula at the colleges where they are held. The lay schools simply make use of existing institutional facilities.

**Roots—Ancient and Modern:** Most U.S. lay academies trace their origins back to the evangelical academies developed in Germany following World War II, when that nation's moral as well as material reconstruction was going on. Today, European academies are places, under church sponsorship, where varied assortments of people, often subdivided along occupational lines, come together to talk about the things that deeply concern them. They are academies in the classic sense.

The original Academy was a kind of school maintained by Greek philosopher Plato near Athens, in the fourth century B.C. He was the principal teacher, but students also taught each other.

Today, the lay academy is a listening post which is helping the church become more sensitive to the world and to the real problems people have. It provides a bridgehead, a point of entry to and contact with a world that has grown increasingly secular in outlook and orientation. It can be a place of encounter, a center for religious education, a counseling station—any or all of these, and more.

**Lay Training—A Great Need:** Although American Christianity does not have the pervasive clericalism of Europe, it has been plagued in the recent past by a similar professionalism. Clergymen have been set apart and told, in effect, "You take care of the religious matters." The layman's role has been merely to help with odd jobs around the church and to pay the bills.

But this concept is changing. Increasingly, church



leaders see the urgent need to train laymen to "be the church in the world." The lay academy movement is one attempt to provide this training.

"We have said a great deal about the laity, and [placed] emphasis on the 'equipping' responsibility of the set-apart ministry," says Professor Howard Grimes of the Perkins School of Theology, Dallas, Texas. "But we haven't taken this very seriously in practice.

"It is not enough that we stir up the laity, or even that we call for deeper commitment," he adds. "Unless the stirring-up of the laity is accompanied by adequate theological and biblical education, we may find

we have stirred a hornet's nest rather than a productive beehive."

Many believe that the local congregation cannot take on all responsibility for lay training. The lay schools are an effort to expand training opportunities. Possibilities are wide open for their sponsorship by existing organizations, such as church councils and conference or district boards of education, evangelism, or lay activities. The right mixture of leaders and availability of a campus and faculty make it possible to start them in many places.

*Theologian Meets Layman: One step removed from the local church,*

the lay academy tends to cross denominational lines or, at least, local-church boundaries. There are schools for single congregation, such as one conducted at Court Street Methodist Church in Rockford, Ill., but they are not typical.

The academy also is a meeting place for layman and theologian. This benefits both, declares Ralph Young, a Canadian who is executive secretary of the department on the laity staff of the World Council of Churches.

"Because those who go to these night classes are men and women who live in the world, they ask the real questions that matter and challenge them [the professors] to find answers," he says. "Seminary students training for the ministry often do not come to these questions until later, when they go out into society."

The lay schools or academies differ from typical leadership-training courses. Open to any layman, they avoid discussions of institutional methodology and concentrate instead on the content of Christian faith as it relates to daily life situations. The academy is an evangelistic agency in the sense that it helps laymen to articulate their faith to others.

*Typical Academy Types:* Three rather well-defined types of academy have emerged:

1. *The night school.* The most common type, it usually meets one night each week for a period of 5 to 10 weeks. The Lay Academy at Perkins School of Theology in Dallas is based on eight two-hour sessions, a fairly common length. For the first session its planners expected 50, hoped for 75 at the most—and ended up with 150 laymen enrolled. Some school limit class size to around 30.

2. *The weekend retreat.* Typically this type of academy will include study, seminars, worship, discussion and lectures. Participants often are from the same or similar occupational groups and explore the implications of Christian vocation in their jobs.

One of the newest lay schools was a pilot program late last August at Asbury Woods district camp and training center near Salt Rock, W.Va. Participants were told to bring "your textbook, Bible, note pad, pencil, bed sheets or sleeping bag, flashlight, and an open mind."

Many of the weekend-type lay schools are held at the 20 or so training centers affiliated with the Columbus Group. Older, larger, and better known, these include the Ecumenical Institute in Chicago, Yokefellow House in Richmond, Ind., Parishfield near Brighton, Mich., and Wainwright House at Rye, N.Y.

3. *The summer school.* Usually a one-week or 10-day session, this type

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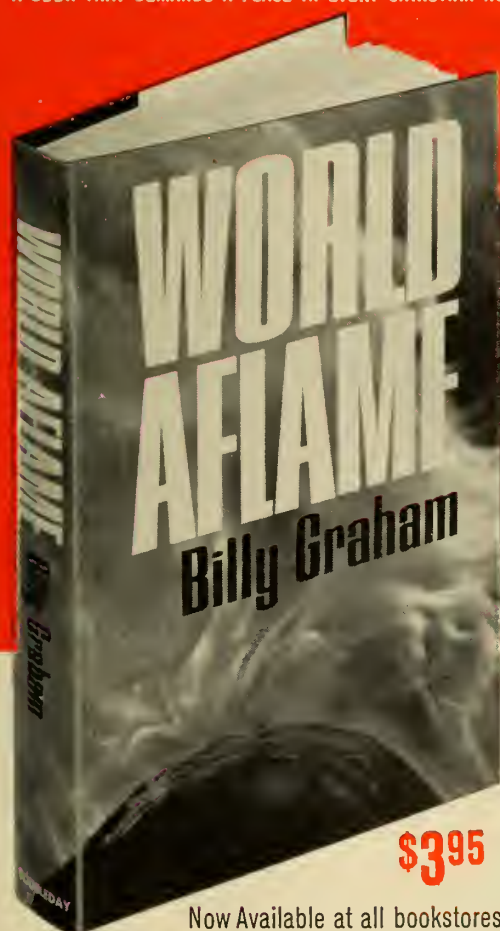
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of academy usually is conducted on a college or seminary campus. But it is not so popular with Methodists as night classes or weekend schools.

In all three types, laymen frequently make their first contact in any depth with the thought of such important 20th-century theologians as Paul Tillich, Karl Barth, and Dietrich Bonhoeffer.

**Significance:** The lay schools, according to one denominational executive, "are not designed to produce leaders or to turn out 'second-rate theologians' but to relate faith to life." Laymen who attend find themselves asking, "What is God's purpose and message for *me* today? What is his message for me at work, at play, in politics, and in my social life?"

Within recent months, the Methodist Board of Lay Activities assigned a staff member to consult across Methodism regarding lay schools of theology. One of his jobs is to act as a catalyst to bring lay leadership together with local college or university officials for the purpose of organizing such schools. Already, a half dozen schools have started as a result of these consultations, and others are in planning stages.

But Robert G. Mayfield, general secretary of the Board of Lay Activities, has a word of caution. "Europe," he says, "is concerned with total indifference and lack of contact with its church members, whereas we in America are concerned with our members putting their energies into the wrong channels, such as trying to preserve the institutional church rather than trying to serve the needs of people."

"The lay academy, as found in Europe, is doing a fine work. However, I see a definite limitation unless it is tied closer to the home church of the person attending. If this is not done, then the lay academy will become institutionalized, and then it will be merely substituting one type of church institution for another." □

### October: Church Press Month

Each October Protestant Church Press Month calls attention to the significant role of Christian publications in witnessing with the printed word.

"The Church's press pulls no punches in today's battles," maintains Alfred P. Klauser, executive secretary of Associated Church Press in Chicago, Ill. "These battles may range through the entire spectrum of theological issues: social, economic, political, cultural, religious."

Associated Church Press, the largest and oldest single group of Protestant communicators anywhere, has a membership of 170 publications (18 of them Methodist) with a total circula-

tion of 19.3 million, and represent some 35 denominations in the United States and Canada.

In 1966, ACP marks its 50th year of attempting "to stimulate standard of religious journalism in order to enable its member publications to render more useful service and to exert more positive and constructive influence on contemporary civilization."

### 'Jigsaw Church' on Campus

Baccalaureate exercises for the 1966 class of Belmont Hill (Mass.) School were conducted in "The Church is a Thousand Pieces" last spring.

This was once the Methodist church at West Thompson, Conn., built in 1841 and spared demolition in 1966 when it was dismantled for restoration on the Belmont prep-school campus. The work of reassembling the first example of period architecture—actually more than 10,000 pieces in all—began two years ago.

### Peace Pilgrimage to Viet Nam

After a 10-day tour of war-torn Viet Nam this summer, a 14-member clergymen's peace mission issued a urgent appeal for the end of military action and called for United Nations sponsored talks with North and South Viet Nam and Red China.

Dr. Harold A. Bosley, minister of Manhattan's Christ Church, Methodist, was spokesman for the Clergymen Emergency Committee for Viet Nam which represents 3,000 Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish churchmen.

The peace team, seeking on-the-spot information to support appeal for negotiation, found "a deeply complicated situation in which we could not judge either side to be wholly right or wholly wrong." Both sides in the conflict are "trapped by their own interpretations" of the situation. The interreligious group asked that the bombing of North Viet Nam be stopped "as a demonstration of good faith in calling for a cease-fire."

The churchmen said they conferred with U.S. and Vietnamese government officials, Buddhist and Roman Catholic leaders, soldiers and civilian Vietnamese of varying political viewpoints including Viet Cong sympathizers.

In a press conference, Dr. Bosley said that most Vietnamese do not see the conflict in ideological terms of freedom versus communism, but a "battle against the ancient enemies—need, hunger, poverty, lack of justice."

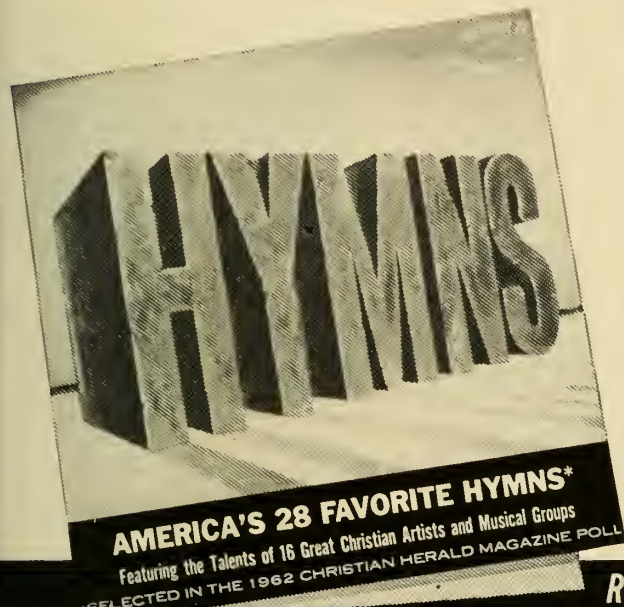
Opposing a U.S. policy of containment and "trying to shoot our way to victory," Dr. Bosley guessed that "maybe half a million men" would be needed for these approaches to work.

Another Methodist on the peace team traveled on to Australia to confer with Christian clergymen protesting



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- |  |   |  |
|--|---|--|
| 1. <i>The Old Rugged Cross</i><br>Claude Rhea                          | 10. <i>Whispering Hope</i><br>Charles Magnuson &<br>Lew Charles (piano & organ) | 19. <i>My Faith Looks Up To Thee</i><br>Bill Mann                                  |
| 2. <i>How Great Thou Art</i><br>Bill Mann                              | 11. <i>Just A Closer Walk</i><br>Dick Anthony Choristers                        | 20. <i>Blessed Assurance</i><br>Claude Rhea  |
| 3. <i>What A Friend We Have In Jesus</i><br>Frank Boggs                | 12. <i>A Mighty Fortress</i><br>Lutheran Hour Choir                             | 21. <i>Ivory Palaces</i><br>Moody Chorale  |
| 4. <i>In The Garden</i><br>Ralph Carmichael and his Orchestra          | 13. <i>Nearer My God To Thee</i><br>Bill McVey                                  | 22. <i>I Need Thee Every Hour</i><br>Abilene Christian College<br>A Cappella Choir |
| 5. <i>Amazing Grace</i><br>Frank Boggs                                 | 14. <i>God Will Take Care Of You</i><br>Flo Price                               | 23. <i>Lead, Kindly Light</i><br>Dick Anthony Choristers                           |
| 6. <i>Rock Of Ages</i><br>Serenaders Quartet                           | 15. <i>Have Thine Own Way Lord</i><br>Haven of Rest Quartet                     | 24. <i>The Love Of God</i><br>Frank Boggs  |
| 7. <i>Sweet Hour Of Prayer</i><br>Paul Mickelson Orchestra             | 16. <i>Just As I Am</i><br>Billy Graham Crusade<br>A Cappella Choir             | 25. <i>Near The Cross</i><br>Jerry Barnes with the<br>Kurt Kaiser Singers          |
| 8. <i>Abide With Me</i><br>Dick Anthony Choristers                     | 17. <i>Onward Christian Soldiers</i><br>Paul Mickelson Orchestra                | 26. <i>Jesus, Lover Of My Soul</i><br>Bill Mann                                    |
| 9. <i>Beyond The Sunset</i><br>Bill Pearce & Dick Anthony (vocal duet) | 18. <i>Jesus, Savior Pilot Me</i><br>Haven of Rest Quartet                      | 27. <i>Faith Of Our Fathers</i><br>Frank Boggs                                     |
|  |   | 28. <i>Holy, Holy, Holy</i><br>Moody Chorale                                       |

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## The Young 'Unreachables'

TRULY and sadly, a majority of America's young adults (19 to 29 years old) have almost nothing to do with the church. About 22 million in this age group—75 to 80 percent—live in urban areas.

Once, mature adults could say they were "escaping" from childish and perhaps distorted memories of hometown churches. Today in the cities, most young people don't care enough even to disagree with, let alone listen with interest to, the Christian Gospel.

Finding ways to meet this critical situation with immediate and practical steps was the task of a Young Adult Strategy Conference this summer at Highland Park, Ill. Attended by 60 persons having special concern and involvement in this problem, it was sponsored by the Methodist Board of Education. Bishop W. McFerrin Stowe of Topeka, Kans., presided.

After three days of "action research" reports, conferees approved a major recommendation that the Secretarial Council of the Inter-board Commission on the Local Church move at once to launch a strong new effort aimed at reaching the young moderns. Any such immediate, interagency action will profit from the considerable momentum built up during the board's four-year Older Youth-Young Adult Project which ended September 1.

To implement the interboard action, it was proposed that a national staff of at least four full-time persons be assigned at once as "task force specialists." These persons would be available to work in different cities to identify needs, arrange community-wide support for a young adult ministry, and train local people, both pastors and laymen, for a new style of Christian servanthood.

Young ministers from the Board of Education, the Board of Evangelism, and other general boards should make up the four-man national "staging group," the conference recommended. It was emphasized that this team should be more than "educational," more than "evangelical"—rather, that its concern should be with the whole spectrum of young adult hopes, needs, despairs, and opportunities.

For the first time in history, conferees heard, there exists an identi-

fiable young adult culture whose members give it fierce allegiance. They will not or cannot commit themselves to many of the values and institutions—the church among them—of the adult culture. For this reason, the bold new ministry should be metropolitan, using all kinds of community resources rather than depending solely on church denominational energies and financing.

Basic text for the conference was a 230-page report packed with research data and theological and sociological insights.

Research for the sharply focused report was conducted in Denver, Dallas, Kansas City, New York, San Francisco, and Wilmington, Del. Data was gathered, as a young adult would put it, "where the action is"—at trade school or city college lounges, ski clubs, in coffee-houses and nightclubs, on surfing beaches and street corners.

The project report clearly showed a lack of uniformity in the various urban styles of living and among the young people themselves. The conference therefore recommended no national program as such, but a general national strategy—open, flexible, and adaptable to individual cities, neighborhoods, and groups.

"We are proposing," said Board of Education staff member Charles E. Mowry, "that Methodism designate this emerging young adult culture as a priority for mission and ministry . . ."

Recognition of the priority need for a ministry to unchurched urban young adults sprang from months of "looking, listening, and learning" by research ministers Ted McIlvenna (San Francisco), Donald W. Kauber (Wilmington), and Noel Mann (Dallas). Findings in other cities reflected the same serious need for diagnosis and action.

A Manhattan study found only 615 young adults involved with 14 Methodist churches in a vicinity where 500,000 young adults live. A Denver survey showed only 1,000 of 63,000 young adults had even tenuous ties to the church.

The task is tremendous, but the need is clear. For the future of the American church, a significant ministry to the young adult generation must be accomplished—and soon.

—WILLIAM HENZLIK

that nation's Viet Nam involvement. In Sydney, the Rev. James M. Lawson, pastor of Centenary Methodist Church in Memphis, Tenn., said that if general elections were held, North Viet Nam Ho Chi Minh would win.

The Hanoi regime leader is regarded as the "George Washington of Viet Nam," said Mr. Lawson, while the Saigon government does not have the essential support of its people.

### Urge Laymen to New Witness

The times call for a deeper level of witness by laymen. This point was made repeatedly by speakers, in discussion groups, and by two original dramas at the fourth and largest convocation of Methodist Men.

Nearly 5,000 strong, they came to the Purdue University campus, West Lafayette, Ind., from 46 states and Mexico. The conference theme was *My Christian Witness in Today's World*.

Keynoting the assembly, Mayor Theodore R. McKeldin of Baltimore, Md., said the virtue of democracy "is the assumption that most of the people most of the time wish to know and accept the truth. If that assumption is false, there is no more virtue in democracy than there is in the most monstrous tyranny . . ."

Iowa Methodism's Bishop James Thomas told the men the witness of laymen today "demands and deserves some rigor in study, some serious attempt to grasp what the faith is all about, some open wrestling with the great questions of life and the current issues of our time."

Another speaker, President Andre D. Holt of the University of Tennessee in Knoxville, said the question "Are you a Christian?" is the "most insulting, yet challenging question that can be asked a true Christian."

Amplifying the theme of witness, Bishop Kenneth W. Copeland of Lincoln, Nebr., told the 5,000 men, "We do not bear witness to a certain brand of politics or to a certain philosophy of government or social progress. We bear witness to Christ in all kinds of political situations and social problems. There cannot possibly be an 'off limits' to the Gospel."

A two-phased Methodist Men world witness program was launched at the Purdue conference, with a Communion offering of more than \$8,000 earmarked for missionary outreach.

### Folk-Music Evangelism in Paris

Twilight gathered at New Salem State Park, site of the reconstructed village of Abraham Lincoln's youthfulness, and so did 300 campers.

They crowded near to hear the folk music of the Prairie Ramblers of Cuba. Methodist Church in central Illinois. Strumming and harmonizing, the Ram-





The Prairie Ramblers, of Cuba Methodist Church in Illinois, are composed of (from left) Charles Smart, Janet Nelson, the Rev. John Wilkey and his wife, Eileen, and Kenneth Williamson.

ers drew the audience into a song-t and then paused to invite spoken tness to Christ. Responses come sily on a summer night in the open, ecially after stirring favorites such Wabash Cannonball and ageless nns such as *Amazing Grace*.

The Rev. John C. Wilkey, pastor of Cuba church, organized the Ram-rs a year ago. He takes the lead on ndolin or guitar and is joined by arles Smart, MYF president, on eric guitar; Kenneth Williamson bano; Eileen Wilkey, the pastor's e, on autoharp; and MYFers Jane rper and Janet Nelson, vocalists. an unconventional evangelism pilot ject this past summer, the group rmed at various fairgrounds, psites, and local churches.

o Pastor Wilkey, folk music is one y of expressing religion in art form. Another folk-song troupe in Illinois ed by the Rev. Philip R. Richard- of Dunlap Methodist Church. His up and the Prairie Ramblers alter- ed for four Saturday nights at New em in midsummer. As a result of ir experimental evangelism, Prot- ant ministers of nearby Petersburg, continued the weekend ministry.

## en Bicentennial Contests

Methodists from students to pastors y compete in two contests—for nns and essays—to help mark the entennial of American Methodism. The winning hymn, which may be to a new melody or an existing e, will be the theme hymn for the 0th-anniversary celebration, April 24, 1966, in Baltimore, Md. Prizes \$100 and \$50 will be awarded by Association of Methodist Historical eties; deadline is January 1, 1966. Similar prizes will be given in each four essay categories—Methodist

doctrine, Methodist life and work, de- cative episodes in Methodist history, and Methodist biography (of a leader who died before 1900). Essays are to be 6,000 to 10,000 words long; inten- tion to compete must be filed by next March 1.

Direct all inquiries to Dr. W. Guy Smeltzer, Route 1, Apollo, Pa. 15613, or to conference historical groups.

## British Methodists Vote Go-ahead on Anglican Union

British Methodists have taken a seven-league step toward eventual re- union with the Church of England from which Methodism sprang. At the same time, British Methodists ap- pointed a commission to confer on possible union with The Methodist Church in the United States.

Meeting in Plymouth, the British Methodist Conference—chief govern- ing body for 1.1-million members—voted three-to-one approval of a gen- eral merger outline. It proposes a first stage of intercommunion with Angli- cans by 1968 (but with the two churches remaining separate); and a second stage of full union by 1970.

Implementing this decision, the con- ference also approved the establish- ment of a joint 24-member commis- sion to "thrash out" issues of possible dispute. The Anglican Convocations of Canterbury and York endorsed formation of a joint commission for union last May.

The Rev. W. Walker Lee, Meth- odist Conference president, said the significance of the "great vote" for merger plans should not be under- rated, but that negotiations do not irrevocably commit Methodists to union with Anglicans.

The joint commission must first iron out questions and draft legislation concerning doctrine, discipline, and procedure. Methodists seek clarifica- tion on the proposed service of recon- ciliation for joining the two ministries.

Several other issues also must be resolved. Among them: open Com- munion, use of fermented wine, mar- riage discipline, appointment and function of Methodist bishops, the role of the laity in church councils, the work of Methodist lay preachers, and relations with world Methodism and other free churches.

The joint commission's union plan will be presented to the Methodist Conference in three or four years, be sent to Methodist Synods and Quar- terly Meetings, and return to the Con- ference for a final vote.

Concluding their session, British Methodists appointed an eight-mem- ber commission to discuss possible union with American Methodists. This was in response to a request by the 1964 General Conference of The

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Methodist Church at Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dr. Charles A. Sayre, pastor of the Haddonfield (N.J.) Methodist Church, brought fraternal greetings to the British Conference. In connection with his visit, it was announced that Mr. Lee will attend the bicentennial celebration of American Methodism next April.

### Tributes to Pioneer Ecumenist

Memorial events marking the 100th anniversary of the birth of Dr. John R. Mott were held by many groups



Dr. Mott

around the world this spring and summer. A Methodist layman, the noted ecumenical and missions leader was known as the "elder statesman of Protestantism" before his death ten years ago at the age of 89.

A winner of the Nobel Peace Prize, Dr. Mott was widely remembered for his profound influence on lay activities, the global mission effort, the student Christian movement, and the development of interreligious accord.

Members of the National Council of Churches general board paid tribute to Dr. Mott at their June meeting with a statement noting that historians of the Christian movement have said he "might well be described as the greatest missionary statesman since the Apostle Paul."

At Upper Iowa University, a Methodist-related school when Dr. Mott attended it, the NCC's Dr. R. H. Espy said, "He was a pioneer of the far horizons, always a Christian ambassador."

Dr. Claud D. Nelson of the National Conference of Christians and Jews, longtime associate of Dr. Mott in YMCA work, recalled that "he was almost certainly individually responsible for securing more contributions for religious causes than any other individual who has yet lived."

At Dr. Mott's death, it was said that "his ideas became institutions." Among them: the World Student Christian Federation, the international Committee of the YMCA, the International Missionary Council—and ultimately, the World Council of Churches.

### Plan Youth, Adult Materials

Plans to publish new church-school curriculum materials for youth and adults have been announced by officials of The Methodist Publishing House and the Methodist Board of Education.

Release of the materials will bring

new study helps to Methodists of ages before the end of the decade.

Publication of new junior and senior-high youth materials—for Sunday-morning classes, weekend study and summer schools of religion—is scheduled for the fall of 1968.

New adult curriculum materials will be introduced in two phases—a basic course in the fall of 1967 and a second series two years later.

Circulation of *Christian Studies for Methodist Children*, introduced in local churches last fall, has pushed use of curriculum material for children to an all-time high. Nine out of 10 youngsters enrolled in Methodist church schools are exposed to the series, it is estimated.

### Observers at Vatican Council

Seven Methodists, four of them from the United States, now are in Rome as official observers at the Second Vatican Council's fourth session which convened September 14.

Only three seats in St. Peter's Basilica are assigned to Methodism. The denomination's observers will serve rotating teams because of seating limitations and their own prior commitments and regular duties.

U.S. Methodist observers include Bishop Fred Pierce Corson of Phil

### New Congregations

While there are more Methodist churches than post offices in the United States, new congregations are not being formed as rapidly as existing churches are closed. Countering this trend, here are some infant congregations reported by the Methodist Board of Evangelism, listed with charter date, organizing pastor and charter membership:

**Transfer, Pa.**—Trinity Methodist Church of Pymatuning Township, April 11. Donald V. Lintelman; 50 members.

**Pompano Beach, Fla.**—North District Methodist Church, April 18. L. W. Hotchkiss; 47 members.

**Alamogordo, N.Mex.**—Wesley Methodist Church, April 25. Gerald L. Whitcomb; 79 members.

**Reston, Va.**—Redeemer Methodist Church, May 16. J. Robert Regan; 35 members.

**Greenfield, Wis.**—Christ Methodist Church, May 16. William Morton; 25 members.

**Fredericksburg, Va.**—St. Matthias Methodist Church, May 23. William Terry; 42 members.

**Thomasville, Ga.**—Morningside Methodist Church, May 28. Arthur H. Fussell; 75 members.

**Pittsburgh, Pa.**—Fellowship Community Methodist Church, June 6. Michael Kundrat; 30 members.

New Methodist congregations should be reported directly to the Rev. Charles D. Whittle, Board of Evangelism, 190 Grand Ave., Nashville, Tenn. 37203.



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Little Kim was abandoned by her mother in an alley of Seoul, Korea. She was found curled up behind a box, shivering, hungry and frightened.

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# He Helped This Town Say



## 'NO' to Extremists

WHEN well-organized political extremists mounted a campaign this year to gain control of an 18,000-student school district in Southern California, a Methodist minister took the crucial first step in opposing them—and saw his effort rewarded at the polls.

The Rev. Vickrey Dougherty, for 14 years pastor of the First Methodist Church of Covina, is a native of the area where he lives and works. Over the years, he has watched the ebb and flow of politics in what has been called the heartland of extremism.

But this spring, he was particularly concerned. With two school board seats at stake, the extremists lined up solidly behind two candidates while seven middle-of-the-roads were taking strength away from each other. Mr. Dougherty thought back to the election two years before. "Extremists elected a trustee then," he recalls, "while another of their candidates lost by only 8 votes, and a third by only about 100."

It seemed inevitable that the extremists' candidates would win this time unless the moderates could concentrate their votes. The extremist groups wanted to abolish counseling and psychological testing in the schools. They wanted to block teaching and discussion about the United Nations and ban the teaching of evolution.

Many of these are the same people who, led by two state senators, tried unsuccessfully in May to oust Bishop Gerald Kennedy from the state board of education. Mr. Dougherty knew four of the seven moderates and recognized that all of them, Democrats and Repub-

licans, had the same basic ideas. So he invited the seven to a meeting where they could talk out the problems. "That's all I did," says Mr. Dougherty.

It was all he had to do. After the meeting five candidates withdrew and threw their support behind industrialist Mel Berkman and Dr. Donald Jackson, president of the Covina Chamber of Commerce. "They won a decisive majority of all votes cast," says Mr. Dougherty, "and enough interest was created that almost twice as many people went to the polls this time."

Mr. Dougherty went into action to preserve what he considers to be a fundamental of democracy. "If you are going to have a democratic election," he says, "the ones elected should be chosen by the majority."

Dr. Jackson received 3,501 votes and Mr. Berkman 2,986. The two extremist candidates received 2,069 and 1,733.

Mr. Dougherty has been praised by the winning side for saving the district from an "extremist takeover" and criticized by others for "meddling." He accepts the criticism and explains: "I have people in my church on both sides, so what I did I did as a private citizen. I don't believe I should use my pulpit or my influence as a minister to sway people politically. But as a private citizen, I do have rights and convictions."

He points out that an aroused majority can be just as successful in any other community where a tight-knit minority is trying to win power—if only someone will take the first step.

—WILLIAM WINGFIELD

delphia, Pa., president of the World Methodist Council; Dr. Albert C. Outler, theology professor at Southern Methodist University, Dallas, Texas; Dr. William R. Cannon, dean of Emory University's Candler School of Theology, Atlanta, Ga.; and Dr. Robert E. Cushman, dean of Duke University's Divinity School, Durham, N.C.

Methodist observers from three other countries are Dr. Harold Roberts of Richmond College, Surrey, England, immediate past president of the World Methodist Council; Dr. José Míguez, president of Union Theological Seminary, Buenos Aires, Argentina; and Dr. Emerito Nacpil, professor at Union Theological Seminary, Manila, the Philippines.

All except Dr. Míguez and Dr. Nacpil were observers at the Vatican Council's 1964 session.

### Ill Wind Blows Church Union

Pittsfield, Ohio, a crossroads community not far from Cleveland and Lake Erie, is still recovering from a Palm Sunday tornado that left 14 of its 106 citizens dead, many others injured, and most buildings destroyed or damaged.

Completely leveled were Pittsfield's two churches—the United Church of Christ and the Methodist church, along with the Methodist parsonage. Clean-up crews found the Methodist pews splintered; only an altar cross and a Christian flag were salvaged from the rubble left by the black funnel.

After the storm, members of the two churches decided to unite and form the Pittsfield Community Church. Plans were made to build a new church on the Methodist property, and a parsonage where the United Church once stood. Leading in this grassroots merger was the Rev. Norman Everard, a part-time Methodist supply pastor whose workaday job is, ironically, chief meteorologist at Cleveland's metropolitan airport.

The Rev. H. J. Wiant, Norwalk (Ohio) District superintendent, estimates that about 70 percent of Pitts-

### CENTURY CLUB

*One Methodist, who has passed the century mark in life, joins the TOGETHER Century Club this month. He is:*

Robert Kelley, 101, Sparland, Ill.

*When nominating a person for the Century Club, please be certain to give present address, birth date, and the church where the nominee is a member.*



## *Department of the Ministry Survey Shows **MINISTERS INCOME** Lags*

# Are YOU Glad YOU Didn't Choose The MINISTRY?

Ministers have those same financial problems that face all of us but *with an income considerably less* than that earned by the average layman.

A recent survey deals with the income of Protestant clergymen in the United States in 1963 and covers 15 major communions. It is an amazing collection of fiscal facts, with both national and local implications. No section of our country stands out as being particularly generous to its ministers.

One conclusion evident from the survey is that ministers' salaries are not realistically aligned with their years of experience. The average salary and allowance of a newly ordained minister with 1-4 years' service is \$5814\*. The average reported for a minister with 20-24 years' service is \$7317\*. The \$1503 difference represents an annual wage increase of \$75.15.

A private industry with this outlook would find it impossible to hire or hold a specialist in almost any position. To make this comparison even more pointed, the survey matched clergy with laymen, ages 25 and over, each having a like number of school years.

With 17 or more years of school, the average income of the layman is \$8434. Ministers with an equal number of years in college and seminary have a cash income, on the average, of \$5322, a whopping difference of \$3112. Still another way of looking at the problem is to contrast the 1963 median salaries of these ministers with 1963 census figures of median income of full time male work-

ers, ages 14 and over.

Twelve occupational classifications were used and clergymen ranked 9th in the rating. The following table shows the relative positions:

### COMPARISON OF PROFESSIONAL INCOMES

Teachers . . . (elementary to college) . . .	\$6950 (to \$8163)
Engineers . . . . .	\$9512
Self employed professionals (including Medical) . . . . .	\$10,932 - \$12,678
<b>CLERGY . . . . .</b>	<b>\$6358</b>

The median salary of clergymen was just \$815 above the 12th and lowest position. Actual cash income of the clergy was less since the \$6358 included an \$1800 allowance for rental, utilities and fees.

The survey has no answer, makes no recommendations. It is a problem to be faced and solved by each congregation. For the clergyman there is no "Help Wanted-Ministers" on the classified page. There are no bargaining tables, picket lines or contracts.

The decision rests in the hands of the thoughtful laymen in each congregation. It is one that must be confronted and resolved at regular intervals.

What better place to say . . . "Do unto others . . ."

\*These figures include the median rental value of the parsonage at \$1300 annually.



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field Methodists will join the united church, and he adds that the project has attracted wide support. As one example, he says, "A fine Jewish contractor has offered to donate his services to build the new church and parsonage."

### **Race Committee Begins Work**

A committee of seven bishops named to study race in The Methodist Church began its work recently by electing Bishop Paul E. Martin of Houston, Texas, as its chairman and Bishop Lloyd C. Wicke of New York City as secretary.

The committee was formed by the Council of Bishops at its spring meeting in Houston, and was asked to implement steps in the transfer of annual conferences from the racially-constituted Central Jurisdiction into the geographic jurisdictions and also to implement the merger of annual conferences within jurisdictions.

The seven will meet again in November and will report to the Council of Bishops regular autumn meeting, November 16-19, in Seattle, Wash.

Members of the committee, in addition to Bishops Martin and Wicke, are Bishops Roy H. Short, Louisville, Ky.; Richard C. Raines, Indianapolis, Ind.; Eugene M. Frank, St. Louis, Mo.; Charles F. Golden, Nashville, Tenn.; and Paul Hardin, Jr., Columbia, S.C.

### **Methodists in the News**

Roy A. Perry, Miami, Fla., banker and licensed Methodist lay preacher, has been awarded the Edgar J. Helms Award of the Goodwill Industries of America.

Horace Burrell now is warden at historic Old Rectory, boyhood home of John and Charles Wesley, at Epworth, England, succeeding the Rev. W. Le Cato Edwards.

Francis L. Dale will become president and chief executive officer of the *Cincinnati Enquirer* October 1. An attorney, he is a past president of the Council of Churches of Greater Cincinnati, Ohio.

Miss Virginia S. Henry, Oklahoma City, will edit, produce, and distribute newsletters from more than 1,500 Methodist missionaries as the newly appointed director of the Department of Field Interpretation, Methodist Board of Missions.

The Hymn Society of America has published a volume of 65 hymns and religious poems written by William Watkins Reid, retired director of the Department of News Service of the Methodist Board of Missions.

### **REGISTERED NURSES**



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# The Revolution We Can't Ignore

SOME years ago, a member of our staff had the experience of driving his car through the eye of a hurricane. For a minute or two, there was no wind or rain, only a deceptive stillness. Then the eye was left behind, and the storm raged again.

Today, our churches are in the middle of a hurricane, but some congregations seem to be in the eye of the storm—for the moment. A 20th-century reformation is aborning in Christianity, and multitudes have not heard even the thump of the first new thesis being nailed to the church door.

Paradoxically, some people are learning about this new reformation not in their churches, which should be the first to know, but from secular sources. And it is big news. At the end of July, for example, *Look* magazine carried a sensitive cover story on the current situation. Other mass-circulation periodicals also have reported at least many of the skirmishes which, in sum, constitute the revolution in American churches.

Is what we see really so revolutionary? Consider this example: Protestants traditionally have criticized the Roman Catholic Church for being monolithic, inflexible, and insular. But the phenomenon of the Vatican Council, now beginning its fourth and final session, has accelerated much of what has happened in Protestantism in the past three years. Seeing the Roman Catholic Church throw open the windows and reexamine its ecclesiastical health—in full view of the world—has put some Protestants to shame.

Moreover, Protestants who work and pray for deep-reaching church renewal sometimes find more allies in the Roman Catholic Church than in their own denominations. It has been suggested that, as traditional Protestant-Roman Catholic suspicion and antipathy melt away, a significant new polarity will find progressive Roman Catholics and Protestants on one side, opposed by those in both churches who cling to the past and steadfastly refuse to confront some of the living issues of this day. Talk about a new reformation!

Even so, many claim that what we see happening all around us is merely a pocket reformation, of the kind the churches have experienced every generation or two. And yet, there is much evidence that this really is a major reformation, the biggest upheaval since Martin Luther. Not only the *ways* we do things as churches but the very things we do—and don't do—are under heavy fire.

Because revolutions tend to be messy, with few well-defined battle lines and many separate skirmishes, they are difficult to evaluate except from historical perspective. But contemporaries are making the attempt, and we can learn much about the nature of the conflict from them—even if we reject their conclusions.

One such man is Harvey Cox, assistant professor of theology and culture at Andover Newton Theological School. He begins his new book, *The Secular City*, with the statement that "the rise of urban civilization and the collapse of traditional religion are the two

main hallmarks of our era and are closely related movements." He is not saying that Christianity is dying. Instead, he says, we are entering a new age of secularization—freedom from supernatural myths, superstitions, and tribal customs, and a recognition that man has been left with a world on his hands. This new freedom, says Cox, includes recognition that "man must now assume the responsibility for his world. He can no longer shove it off on some religious power." He makes a sharp distinction between secularization, which he sees as rooted in the impact of biblical faith on history, and secularism, which he deprecates as simply another tunnel-visioned ideology that functions like a new religion.

Dr. Cox has a harsh indictment for the churches. For the most part, he maintains, they are merely richer, shinier versions of churches a century ago. In a day when change constantly accelerates, when society is increasingly mobile and technological, the church remains a patriarchal, agricultural, prescientific relic.

Two others who have sketched both the reasons for and the nature of the revolution are British Anglican Bishop John A. T. Robinson (notably in his books *Honest to God* and *The New Reformation?*) and Australian Methodist minister Colin Williams (in his book, *Where in the World?* and its sequel, *What in the World?*). Running through their writings, too, is the theme that the church has sadly lagged behind the times, has not come to terms with the revolutionary changes in the ways we work and live, and has not proclaimed the undiluted Gospel to all men. They say, in effect, that unless we stop shadow-boxing in the sanctuary, our churches—at least, as we know them today—will dwindle and die. And yet, theirs is a lovers' quarrel. They speak as members of the Christian community. Only in the disciplined freedom of the Christian faith do they see any hope for mankind.

Because we all feel most comfortable with familiar ways of doing things, many feel threatened by the burgeoning revolution in the churches. True, it will require reassessment of many ideas and practices we once accepted without questioning. But this is a process we take as a matter of course in other aspects of our daily lives. In church life, as in business, the minute we think we have it made and settle back to reflect on our virtue or success, we are clobbered by the competition. Moreover, Christianity always has been a revolutionary movement, equally so today as it was 2,000 years ago.

Finally, laymen should not get the idea that they have little part in the renewal of the church. Ultimately, the quality of the Christian faith and the relevance of the church rests squarely on the shoulders of each of us. Each has a contribution to make. Whether you will make the effort to help shape the new reformation, of course, is something only you can decide. But the time has passed when you—or any of us in the churches—can elect to ignore the revolution in our midst.—YOUR EDITORS





**Y**OU DON'T have to be around James Armstrong Mackay very long to know that he relishes his new job. His enthusiasm is so contagious that you wonder why you never thought of running for Congress yourself.

Still, after watching him in action a few days, it becomes clear that there is more to the job than just getting yourself elected. And when, with refreshing candor, Mr. Mackay wonders out loud whether he will ever learn all he should know to serve most effectively, you appreciate the seriousness of a question which faces every newly elected representative: Just how do you learn to be a congressman anyhow?

Mr. Mackay is not the first, of course, to wonder. Each biennial election of U.S. representatives brings new faces to Washington's Capitol Hill. Among the 435 House of Representatives members in the current 89th Congress, 91 did not sit in the 88th. Congressman Mackay, representing Georgia's 4th District, is one of 11 Methodists among the 91 newcomers. An active churchman, he has firm convictions about the role a Christian layman

*At the statue of the late Speaker Sam Rayburn in the new Rayburn Building, Mr. Mackay recalls meeting "Mr. Sam" long before his own election to Congress.*



Among the 435 members of the U.S. House of Representatives, 89th Congress, are 91 who did not sit in the 88th. To learn how one, a Georgia Methodist pastor's son, sees his role in public office, we went to Washington to visit James A. Mackay . . .

# Freshman Congressman

Text by Paige Carlin    Pictures by George P. Miller



*Washington . . . A congressman's day, Mr. Mackay has learned, involves much more than voting on new laws. There are interviews with newsmen (like ABC's Edward P. Morgan, above left); informal visits with other lawmakers (like Rep. Harley O. Staggers of West Virginia, above right); conversations with home-state visitors (like Dean J. Whitney Bunting of the University of Georgia, below left); and conferences with staff aides (like John Heritage, below right).*







*In Atlanta . . . On one of his frequent trips home to Georgia's 4th District, Mr. Mackay poses in the living room of his home with daughter Kathy, son Jim, and his wife, Mary Caroline. At his office in Decatur, he catches up on local happenings with his district assistant, Mrs. Ed Vinson.*

can play in modern U.S. society.

Like many other members of Congress, Mr. Mackay (he pronounces it *Mack-ie*) is an attorney. Behind him are 12 years of legislative experience in the Georgia General Assembly, where a fellow lawmaker credited him with being "a catalyst for everything worthwhile that's happened in Georgia since 1946."

Now, at 46, the balding Georgian finds his presence in the federal Congress something of a surprise, considering the past nature of Georgia politics. Though he is a Democrat in what long has been a solidly Democratic state, he also is a city dweller in a state where political power long has been concentrated in rural sections. That situation is rapidly changing. Today Mr. Mackay is fond of calling himself the first product of the U.S. Supreme Court's historic "one man, one vote" decision last year, which has forced the reapportionment of many congressional and state legis-

lative districts in the United States.

Georgia's General Assembly, with Mr. Mackay a member at the time, acted promptly on the court's ruling, allotting 2 of the state's 10 congressional districts to the Atlanta area which formerly had only one. A resident of one of the two new districts, Mr. Mackay won his party's nomination for the 4th District seat without opposition and defeated his Republican opponent last November by 16,000 votes.

"Other people rail at the Supreme Court because of the 'one man, one vote' decision. I rail because the court did not make the decision sooner," says Mr. Mackay.

Unabashedly, he declares himself working for the best interests of his district. "People voted for me because of my state record," he observes. "I'm indifferent as to how the *Washington Post* thinks I'm doing. What matters is how I'm doing in the minds of the voters." But he's no Southern sectionalist. An unapologetic Democrat, he generally

supports national party leadership, even on some issues which lack popular support in much of the South.

A look at Mr. Mackay's district helps explain why he is one of a new breed of Southern politician. The 4th District is 95 percent urban and suburban, taking in the eastern half of the city of Atlanta along with suburban De Kalb County around Decatur and changing Rockdale County to the southeast. Among Georgia congressional districts, the 4th has the highest average annual income per family, lowest unemployment rate, highest average educational level, and the highest density of population.

Its racial balance is about the same as that of the U.S. population as a whole—one fifth Negro, four fifths white. In the midst of current voting-rights turmoil, Mr. Mackay points with pride to the fact that the ratio between Negro and white registered voters in his district roughly corresponds to their





*On his weekend visits home, Congressman Mackay reserves time for family and church activities, but he is in demand as a speaker for meetings of civic organizations, school programs, and political events. Here he addresses the Greater Atlanta Council of Churches.*

ratio in the district's population. His support came from both groups.

Though firmly committed to his own party, Mr. Mackay is convinced that the South would benefit from the strengthening of a two-party system. He sees the old form of the Democratic party—an oligarchy, he calls it—breaking up on the rocks of change. "It wasn't a one-party system we had," he says; "it was a no-party system. When we have two political parties in Georgia, a man will run on issues, not popularity. We will be able to vote for policies, not personalities."

As a freshman congressman, Mr. Mackay is vitally concerned about education—his own and that of the others back home. One of his first appearances before a congressional committee was to urge intensified training sessions for new congressmen. Attempting to learn his new duties as rapidly as possible, he spends considerable time on the "homework" of studying proposals

before his committee—Interstate and Foreign Commerce—and major bills before the entire Congress.

Anxious also to help voters back home become better informed on national issues, he has taken special pains to build a mailing list for his chatty occasional newsletter and to supply Georgia newspapers and radio and television stations with reports from Washington.

As a means of drawing on the experience and thinking of persons in his district, he also has organized a series of "citizens panels for progress" to bring groups of Georgians together for the study of important national problems. His goal is to organize a permanent citizens group to study constantly in each of some 30 fields—among them, agriculture, crime prevention, education, labor-management relations, public safety, poverty, and international relations. By sending these groups information on issues pending in Congress, Mr. Mackay hopes to receive grass-roots evaluations of

the issues, and suggestions for needed laws.

The panels, he hopes, also will add support to another educational effort he has launched: bringing leading government figures from Washington to his district for speeches and question-and-answer sessions with voters. One such venture already has proved fruitful. Last May, Mr. Mackay invited David Bell, director of the U.S. Agency for International Development, on a whirlwind 14-hour tour of the 4th District to explain goals and operations in the program to assist developing nations. Mr. Mackay called the experience probably "the most satisfying of my political career."

Bringing such national leaders to Georgia, he feels, serves two purposes: (1) Georgians learn important national problems and programs, and (2) key leaders from other parts of the nation get a better understanding of a major southern city and a reason to shed stereo-



typed ideas some may have about the South.

Jet-age transportation has revolutionized communication between many congressmen and their constituents. Only a few years ago, representatives from distant states could visit their home districts only a few times a year. Now air travel enables many to commute home frequently.

Mr. Mackay is a jet commuter. As he puts it, "I worship in my home church most Sundays." He can leave his office in the massive Longworth Building, across Independence Avenue from the Capitol, and be in Atlanta 2½ hours later. Because he likes to think of himself as the chief link between individual citizens and their federal government, he attaches great importance to these trips.

"I have to update my knowledge of my district constantly to avoid the trap of thinking I know the area simply because I've lived in it 31 years," he explains. The rapidly growing area he represents adds an average of 1,700 residents each month.

Last spring and early summer, the congressman's family remained at home in Atlanta where daughter Kathy was a sophomore at Methodist-related Emory University (Mr. Mackay's alma mater) and son Jim was completing his junior year at Druid Hills High School. Mrs. Mackay (Mary Caroline), is a petite and attractive woman with penetrating green eyes. She and young Jim spent the summer with Mr. Mackay in Washington. The family's Atlanta home, comfortable but not pretentious, is located a few blocks from Emory in the northeast Atlanta suburbs. The congressman's district office is nearby in Decatur.

Typical of Methodist preacher's sons, Mr. Mackay learned about mobility early. Born in Fairfield, Ala., he was reared in Methodist parsonages of Birmingham, Athens, and Montgomery, Ala., before the family moved to Georgia. There, the congressman's father, the late Dr. Edward G. Mackay, was pastor of Glenn Memorial Church on the Emory University campus for six years. He was nearing completion of a six-year term as district super-

intendent at his death in 1956. A library at Glenn Memorial Church is dedicated to his memory. The congressman's mother, now 77, lives close by at Wesley Woods, a Methodist-related retirement center, and is still active in church affairs. Mrs. Mackay's mother, Mrs. L. W. Lee, is the "grandmother in residence" at the Mackay home.

Congressman Mackay speaks with pride of his father, a 1905 immigrant from northern Ireland who was a Methodist minister 46 years. One of Mr. Mackay's three brothers, Donald, also chose the ministry and is pastor of Beach Methodist Church, Jacksonville Beach, Fla.

MR. Mackay's own inclinations long have been in the direction of public service. Election as president of the Emory University student body was his first "political" victory. After meritorious service (Bronze Star Medal) in the U.S. Coast Guard Reserve during World War II and then graduation from the Emory law school, he opened his law practice in Decatur in 1947. His name is still on the door there, but a young partner carries the practice.

He won his first term in the Georgia House of Representatives in 1950 at the age of 31 but lost the seat in 1952. ("Defeat is an important lesson in a politician's education," he observes dryly.) Voters returned him to the legislature in 1954 and kept him there until the 1964 congressional campaign.

Others, too, have placed confidence in his leadership. He is a member of the Emory board of trustees, a former president of the university's alumni association, and, among many church offices, a delegate to the 1964 Southeastern Jurisdictional Conference.

As a state legislator, Mr. Mackay won a reputation for leadership of progressive causes, including the successful fight to kill Georgia's outmoded county-unit system of voting. At the time when it was politically risky to do so, he advocated reapportionment of the state senate and insisted that the public schools be kept open despite racial desegregation. Improvement of ed-

ucational opportunities for all youngsters continues to be one of his chief interests. One of the first bills he introduced in Congress called for establishment of a National Foundation on the Arts and Humanities as a counterpart to the existing National Science Foundation.

With relatively modest personal wealth (he lists "an equity in my home, the usual insurance, a beach cottage, and good health" as his chief assets), Mr. Mackay found the \$60,000 cost of his congressional campaign "absolutely staggering," and confesses he might have been discouraged from running had he known the amount in advance. His support came from many small contributors, and he calls himself "a relaxed politician" because he owes no political debts to any large donors.

A congressman's salary of \$30,000 yearly sounds "astronomical" to a Methodist preacher's son, Mr. Mackay chuckles, but the expense of being a congressman gobbles it up rapidly. One expense he avoids is the cost of liquor. A teetotaler, he finds it no problem to avoid drinking on the Washington social circuit.

"You don't have to be rich to be a successful politician," he says, "but it would help." Constituents aid him in financing his newsletter reports, trips back and forth to Atlanta, radio broadcasts, and certain other expenses. It is no secret that he expects to campaign for reelection in 1966.

Considering the expense, the exhausting pace, and the burden of responsibilities which go with the job, why does a man like James Mackay want to be a congressman? There is the prestige, of course, and the excitement of being at the center of national life. But Rep. Mackay's earnest enthusiasm suggests something else. It has to do with his conviction that a Christian layman should put his faith into action. For him, this means "using the power of politics and government."

A majority of Georgia's 4th District voters last year saw in Mr. Mackay the kind of man capable of using those powers effectively. Cautiously, as a freshman congressman should, he is learning. □



# My Prayers Grew Up, Too!

By RUTH RUNYON

AS A LITTLE girl, barely able to reach the top of the kitchen table, I once desperately prayed: "Please, God, don't let Mama find out that I stuck my finger in the cake she baked for the church supper." I still remember the relief I felt when she did find out and I paid the penalty.

"Dear God," I pleaded another time, "may I be over the measles before the church-school picnic next week." All the time I knew I couldn't be, but I harbored a faint hope that God would make an exception in such an important case. My childhood prayers were childish. But I recall vividly the day my prayers finally grew up—the day I learned that prayer consists of more than a perfunctory request followed by a polite "thank you." Our two-year-old daughter had developed pneumonia and, although I carefully obeyed the doctor's instructions, she failed to improve.

"Please, God," I begged tearfully, "make her well." But she got no better, and when the doctor came again she was near hysteria. After examining my daughter, he took me into the next room. The dose of spiritual medicine he gave me has had a lasting effect.

"You know, Ruth," he said quietly, "I'm prescribing the best treatment I know how for your little girl. You're following my instructions properly, or I would send her to the hospital. Now, if God still decides to take your little girl, there isn't anything you, or I, or anyone else can do about it."

Hard as the words were to hear and believe, I knew they were true. And, looking deep inside myself, I knew my prayers had been little more than suggestions to God, instead of pleas for courage and understanding. From that moment, my

prayer was: "Not my will, but thine be done."

This complete acceptance of—and faith in—God's will was new and strange to me. My whole outlook changed. And by putting my trust in Him, my mind was freed so that I might follow the doctor's instructions even more carefully.

Finally, our little girl did get well. I have never ceased thanking God for her recovery, but I am equally grateful for the opportunity I had

*"When it began to pour,  
Granddad and I would run  
for the nearest corn shock.  
There we'd sit . . . while he  
spun fascinating tales."*







# Sentence Sermons

**P**ROUDLY we sing, "We've a story to tell to the nations," neglecting to share the good news with our nearest neighbor.

*If our youths are to make peace in tomorrow's world, they must experience peace in today's homes.*

A ship is not made for the harbor, nor the bird for a nest; neither is man made for the storm cellar.

Some of the loudest critics of adolescents sporting cars with twin tail pipes are adults with double standards.

*God made it difficult for man to pat himself on the back; but man, by repeated practice, has made it easy.*

Some knees bend only under the load of a heavy heart; some eyes open only after the head is bowed.

*Christian experience teaches us that some things which look good are bad for us, and some things which look bad are good for us.*

The breadth of our influence for good depends upon the depth of our concern for others.

Real religion is a way of life, not a white cloak to be worn only on Sundays and then tossed aside into the weekday closet of unconcern.

*Who our ancestors were is not nearly so important as what kind of ancestors we will be.*

Like a boy on a bicycle, we get into trouble when we cease going forward; going backward is catastrophic.

Life is a strange, two-sided thing—a dirge to chant or a song to sing.

—WILLIAM A. WARD

to learn the necessity of praying, "Not my will, Father, but thine."

Looking back across the years, I can see clearly how prayer has brought me to a better understanding of God's will. The childish requests ignored and the prayers answered mysteriously, in ways I did not understand, were part of the learning process. When I prayed foolishly, God replied by giving blessings for which I lacked the wisdom to ask.

I recall how exasperated I became when God didn't answer my prayers about our horse, Dolly. She was our first horse when we moved to the farm, and it was my job to sit astride her bony back, guiding her between rows of vegetables as Daddy cultivated.

Usually, Dolly behaved sedately until we reached the end of a row. Then the fun would begin. If, as she turned, the trace chains so much as brushed her legs, she would plunge and kick in fright, trampling down the tender plants all about her.

I would close my eyes each time we neared the end of a row and pray, "Dear, God, don't let her kick and carry on this time." But she always did, and I never could understand why God didn't do something about it.

Then we soon got another horse, Bessie, a model of good deportment. As she moved steadily across a field in the warm afternoon sunshine, setting her big hooves down carefully, I had to fight to keep from falling asleep on her broad back. I would lean forward, lay my head on her rippling shoulders, stroke the velvety neck, and whisper, "Dear God, thanks for Bessie."

Some of my brightest memories of growing up on a farm center around cornhusking time. It had special meaning for me, because that's when Granddad would visit us. He told marvelous stories which always began, "Now in the old days . . ."

I shall never forget the cornhusking season, when the harvest was constantly interrupted by sudden showers. When it began to pour, Granddad and I would run for the nearest corn shock. Backing his huge frame into it, he'd make a sort of tent for us. There we'd sit, waiting out the shower while he spun fascinating tales of his boyhood.

Whenever it looked as if the clouds were breaking away, I'd pray "Dear God, please let it rain a little longer."

I no longer think of the stories I missed, but of the ones I heard and my prayer now is: "Dear God may each little girl and boy have a Granddad to tell them stories of the old days."

Sometimes, of course, there is not time to pray, and all we can do is offer thanks to God for granting us what we would have asked.

Once, while driving along a winding country road while the four children clambered over the seats. I came to a sharp curve. I couldn't see or hear anything ahead, but something made me pull into a side road. No sooner had I done so than a huge tractor-trailer truck careened around the curve and roared down my side of the road.

I managed only to whisper a quiet "Thank you, God." How could I have expressed in words what I felt at that moment?

God doesn't answer all our prayers of course; sometimes he gives us much more than we ask. As I grew into my teens, I'd dream romantically of meeting a tall, handsome young man with dark hair and a cream-colored roadster. There were no young men in our neighborhood who met all those specifications, but I thought one would appear out of nowhere and sweep me off my feet and into his heart.

Perhaps it was this vision which kept me from seeing that I was falling in love. My young man was tall, but not dark. His hair was an ordinary brown color and his eyes blue. He wasn't particularly handsome, just strong and clean in mind and body. His hair was bushy, not wavy, and he had no car. We walked.

Now, 25 years and four children later, I pray humbly and sincerely, "Dear God, thank you for not sending a tall, dark, handsome man with wavy hair and a cream colored roadster . . ."

I don't pretend, even today, that God has answered all my requests, or assumed responsibility for solving all my problems. That's not so. But I do think that he has taught me, through prayer, to accept life's disappointments more graciously and to recognize my blessings. □



The modern woman shares many of her grandmother's goals for her home and family. But she lives in an entirely different kind of world. It is high time, this concerned author insists, for church and community to come to terms with new roles many women play in modern life.

# Will the Real Christian Woman *Please Arise?*

By SALLY ANN GEIS

NO ONE ever doubted that my grandmother was a good Christian woman.

She did not drink, smoke, dance, or play cards. She gave the children a bath on Saturday night and had them in church on Sunday. She went to Ladies Aid every Thursday afternoon, and she saved egg money in the sugar bowl and gave it to the needy and the heathen through the Foreign Missionary Society.

Grandmother knew who the good Christian women were, and so did everyone else living in her farm community.

But what about me? Does my community know whether I am a good Christian woman? By what standards am I judged? My world is not my grandmother's world, and answers that would do for her will not do for me.

It would seem that I have little in common with grandmother. In some ways my life is more complicated than hers; in others it is so much easier. I talk about what a chore housework is—yet I have never carried water or stoked a fire. I can hardly press a skirt without an electric steam iron.

And yet, in terms of important things, we have much in common. Grandmother felt that woman's first duty was to be a good wife and

mother, to teach her children right from wrong, to make a good home for the family. What can I add to this? These are my goals, too.

Today, however, I can no more use her pattern of life to accomplish these goals than I could use her hot flatiron on my husband's drip-dry shirts. Why is it, then, that in churches and communities where drip-dry shirts long ago replaced

starched collars, many still point to my grandmother as the only model of a good Christian woman?

## *Yesterday vs. Today*

If we expect to help today's women find ways to be Christian, we must begin by knowing who they are and what kind of world they live in.

How do we differ from our



*"I can no more use grandmother's pattern of life . . . than I could use her hot flatiron on my husband's drip-dry shirts. Can you?"*



grandmothers? First of all, we live longer. The life expectancy of a baby girl born today is 73 years; in 1900 it was 48. This certainly affects how we see our roles as wives and mothers.

If we expected to live only to 48, we could say with real sincerity that our major hope was to live to take care of our children until they were old enough to take care of themselves. My grandmother didn't make it. As a matter of fact, she died when she was 40 and left three children at home. And she was not atypical of her generation.

This is not true for my generation. Most of us will live to be old women whose children do not need us to wash the clothes and cook the meals. Does it make any sense to say that our only goal is to perform tasks that will not be needed during the last 25 years of our lives? We want to be good mothers just as surely as did our grandmothers. But we cannot do it in the same way.

Sometimes we hear people say that a married woman is selfish if she goes to school or takes a job. I do not advocate neglecting small children for self-indulgence. On the other hand, maybe our present-day mother is more selfish if she does not face the question, "Am I going to be a burden to my children when they are grown if I don't have any skills or any interests except to live my life through them?"

This is a difficult question, and it is not my intention to suggest that there is one answer that will fit all women, or even to pass judgment on the answers that women are finding to this question. Instead, I would stress that there are new problems for our generation, and that we are struggling to answer them. We have not ceased being concerned Christians simply because we have new problems and have not all the answers.

Whether we approve or not, women are developing new patterns in this changing world. Eight out of 10 women living in the United States today will, at some time during their lives, work for pay outside their homes. Most are married, and many will wait until their children are grown to seek employment. But many work while

their children are still in the home.

Let us take three examples and see whether these are "good Christian women" and whether their communities think they are.

#### *Mary Ann: No Time for Church*

First, there is Mary Ann, a checker at a supermarket two blocks from our church. Five years ago Mary Ann divorced an alcoholic husband, after agonizing consideration of what would be best for her two children. Since he could not provide financial support and since she had no special training, she went to work as a checker. On her day off, she does her family's washing, ironing, cleaning, weekly shopping. She sees that her children are in church on Sunday, and she comes with them if she does not have to work that day.

But does she belong to a circle or make things for the bazaar or teach a church-school class? No, she does not. And it is my contention that she should not be asked to do these things. Is she a good Christian woman? I hold that she is just as much a Christian woman as was my grandmother. But does her community think she is? I doubt it. At least, not if we go on assuming that the only way to witness is to do church work—the same old kind. We have a most urgent need to change this idea.

Mary Ann needs the help and support of her church to know that she is succeeding. She certainly should not be made to feel guilty because she cannot fit the time and activity pattern held by active church women. I do not know how we can make a place for Mary Ann in our church fellowship, a place where she can feel fully accepted. But I am sure that unless we do, the church cannot truly be the church.

#### *Eloise: She Couldn't Conform*

Now let us consider Eloise. Here is a woman who had everything as a child, and she wants no less for her children. After graduating from college and marrying the man she loved, she settled down to be a good wife and mother, living on the salary he could make as a schoolteacher.

Eloise tried hard to be happy,

but she and her husband both knew things were not right. He felt inadequate and angry with her and the whole world. Arguments became more frequent; tension built until the entire family was miserable. The children were doing poorly in school. Ben left teaching and took a job he did not like in order to make more money, which only made Eloise feel more guilty.

Finally, after some sessions with a marriage counselor, Eloise and Ben decided that the traditional family pattern was not working for them. The children were all in school, so Eloise went back to work. This not only eased the family's financial situation so Ben could return to teaching, which was what he really enjoyed, but it gave Eloise something to do with her time that she felt was sincerely helpful. The children are doing better in school, and there is less hostility and bickering.

By her own admission, Eloise is a poor cook and a worse seamstress. Through a false desire to be unselfish, she had tried to be a good wife and mother—by the conventional standards of church and community. She made baby clothes for the bazaar, so ill fitting and ugly that nobody wanted to buy them. She tried to cook a church dinner and ended up putting \$15 of her own money into the kitty because she had misjudged how much meat to buy.

Eloise also taught a church-school class, and still does. This is something she does well and something she enjoys, but it is the only volunteer responsibility she assumes. She does not attend PTA meetings regularly or collect for the United Fund or enter the church except on Sunday morning. Unlike Mary Ann, she does not have to do all the family housework; she has Ben to help. He enjoys cooking more than she does and is better at it.

Again we ask, is Eloise a "good Christian woman"? Does her community think she is? And again we suggest that she needs and deserves not the censure but the support of the church. She wants to be a good wife and mother just as badly as my grandmother did, but she is doing it in a different way.



### Lois: No More Volunteer Work

Finally, there is Lois, who stayed at home to raise her family and devoted countless hours to needs of the community. There was not one volunteer job in the church or community that she had not done at one time. But now her husband is dead, and her children are grown and involved in their own lives.

Is it right to ask her to fill *all* the hours of her day with constructive volunteer work? Besides, things have changed since she began that kind of life. Thirty years ago most community-service work could be done by part-time volunteers. Today, however, many service agencies require more time, skills, and special training of those who are to perform any but the most ordinary and routine jobs. The day is passing when the well-meaning, willing, but unskilled volunteer can expect to do really significant and rewarding tasks in many agencies.

Lois could see herself coming to the time when there would be nothing for her to do but the proverbial busy work. So she returned to graduate school and took courses in

special education, for she had taught for two years before she was married. With her graduate training, she now is working with retarded children as a paid staff member. Lois no longer has time for volunteer work. As a matter of fact, she no longer has time to go to her daughter when there is a new baby or when the grandchildren are sick.

Is Lois a "good Christian woman"? Is she still a good mother? I think she is. Her daughter can get through a few rough days with sick children without her mother much better than she could get through years of worrying about her mother feeling useless and unwanted.

The children of Lois, Ann, and Eloise are better off for their mothers' respective patterns of life than they would be if these mothers had tried to stick to Grandmother's idea of what it meant to be a good wife and mother.

### Concerns Outside the Home

I have not touched on the community obligations which today's woman must assume as an in-

formed, responsible citizen. No longer are women expected to retire to the sewing room when men discuss politics and public issues. Today's woman does not ask her husband how to vote; she votes her own educated convictions.

The kind of welfare work done years back by carrying a basket of food to the poor now is done more adequately by ballot and by the town meeting—that is, by voting for better wages and working conditions, better housing regulations, better education, and so on, for all citizens.

If my children are to develop into responsible, informed citizens, I must be able to teach them—not how to make jelly or aprons, but such things as how to differentiate between information and propaganda in the daily news and how to develop a conscience for the needs of citizens not able to procure help for themselves.

Today's mother wants her children to be grounded in the Christian faith, loving their God with their hearts, minds, and souls, and loving their neighbors as themselves. She believes this can be done better than it now is with the use of all the aids presently available in the hands of skilled people.

### Is Any One Pattern Best?

The time may be here when the church, instead of condemning women for not fitting into the 19th-century pattern of "good Christian" church workers, should completely revamp its entire philosophy of church work to make possible the use of services which today's woman can give, and to give help where today's woman needs help in charting her course through troubled waters.

There are still women who seem to be successful with Grandmother's life pattern. I wish them well. But if the church or the community is going to pass judgment on the Mary Anns, the Eloises, and the Loises, it must do so thoughtfully.

Theirs are not the only life patterns that can be developed and they may not be the best. But these are today's women, and this is how they try to live as responsible Christians in today's world. □



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# UNUSUAL Methodists

**A**RTHUR T. GREGORIAN, a young immigrant who had wandered homeless in Europe for five years, went into the rug business in Boston during the depression in the 1930s. His assets: \$20, a keen mind, and a tough constitution.

Now the owner of three prospering stores, and one of the country's foremost importers of oriental rugs, he travels each year to his native Persia (now Iran). His goodwill projects there include a Little Weavers' Fund that finances medical treatment for youngsters who make rugs.

One of New England's outstanding laymen, Mr. Gregorian is a member of Christ Church (Methodist), Wellesley, Mass., and his home is a gathering place for foreign students, who can count on his help in working out their problems. □



*In Iran, where his Armenian family was uprooted during World War I, Arthur T. Gregorian (second from left) makes friends and buys rugs.*



**W**HETHER he is talking about health hazards or the dignity of man, the Rev. Melvin Bateman uses his ventriloquist act to help put his points across with humor and quiet understanding.

A popular speaker who has frequently been heard on radio and television, Mr. Bateman became pastor of the Rust Methodist Church in Oberlin, Ohio, in June, 1964. Previously, in Portsmouth, Ohio, he originated a teen radio show, led a drive for a community swimming pool, and started a human relations week that brought overflow audiences together for a constructive study of race relations.

Now he has founded Charis, Inc., a non-profit organization which aims to help anywhere that individuals and communities are struggling nonviolently toward self-realization and human dignity. □

*When the Rev. Melvin Bateman tells his helpers, Ike and Mike, about the hazards of smoking, teens often are listening, too.*





Four charter members (foreground) of Air Explorer Squadron 186 spent 19 months making a wrecked plane airworthy.

It HAS been just four years since the charter for an Air Explorer Squadron arrived in the little community of Hinton, Iowa. By the time it was delivered, four charter members who had agreed to put \$200 apiece already were working on a wrecked plane. Nineteen months and 2,400 man-hours later, they had it in the air. Today, although the original members are in college, a grateful group of younger pilots keeps the squadron aloft. It all started when Lamar Jones,

a bomber pilot during World War II, and his son Gary visited a local airport and saw a 1946 Aeronca Champ that had smashed up in a ditch. Airport manager Merlin Bock told them they could buy it for \$400—all he had in it—and then he agreed to direct the repairs.

Though the squadron is sponsored by the Hinton Community Civic Club, it happens that most of the members are Methodists, and many are winners of God and Country Awards. □

RAISING money for good causes, and having fun doing it, is an honorable church tradition ably represented by Miss Hildred Rouse and Miss Viola Nye of Milwaukee, Wis. Seven years ago they created their first stuffed animals and sold them during a bazaar at Milwaukee's First Methodist Church. Now they make several hundred of the toys a year, and all the earnings are earmarked for church work.

Other Methodist women in Milwaukee and in New Hampton, Iowa, where Miss Rouse spends her vacations with her sister, help by

saving old nylon stockings for stuffing. Patterns are all original. Miss Rouse once turned out an especially clever one after noticing a dog curled up in the back window of a car.

When not working on their hobby, Miss Nye is an anesthetist at Deaconess Hospital and Miss Rouse teaches cosmetology at Milwaukee Vocational School. □

*With scraps of cloth and lots of ingenuity, Miss Hildred Rouse (left) and Miss Viola Nye raise church funds.*





*Poor grades are the underachiever's way of trying to tell adults something is wrong. Instead of reacting with a lecture, parents and teachers should begin a search to find out what lies behind the failure.*

# Underachievement Is a Symptom

By ANDREA THOMAS

SCARCELY A day goes by that I, as a high-school counselor, do not hear from a parent or teacher about some pupil who is not working up to capacity:

"Ken isn't stupid, but I can't get any work out of him in class."

"We have been told that our son has high ability, so why is he bringing home nothing but *Ds* and *Fs* on his report card?"

"Will you get Connie into your office and give her a lecture about grades? We've talked till we're hoarse!"

When a student gets a poor grade in only one subject or one area, such as social studies, he is not considered an underachiever. The true underachiever is the child of normal ability who consistently does poorly in school. He is usually a child in conflict with himself and society.

As a counselor, I react to poor grades much as a physician reacts to a headache. And so should parents. Underachievement is not a disease, but a symptom. While low grades do not tell us *what* is wrong, they do tell us that something probably *is* wrong. Like doctors, we must take a close look at the patient and at the records. Perhaps the poor grades are a logical outcome of limited mentality, but often the student is of average or superior mental ability. In such a case, the problem is much deeper than one of giving him a lecture; likely as not he has grown up on lectures and has developed a remarkable immunity to the adult voice.

Many underachievers are disciplinary problems, but others are

quiet, well behaved, and all too agreeable. Rather than reacting, they withdraw, and they may be more disturbed than those who openly misbehave.

Poor grades are the underachiever's way of trying to communicate something, and it is up to the adults in his life to figure out what. The student himself is generally unaware of the reason for the grades and accompanying symptoms. "Oh, I'm just lazy," he will say, or, "I just don't study," or, "Schoolwork bores me."

Occasionally these reasons are valid. A happy, well-adjusted student may just barely make it academically, for a while, then suddenly turn his energies loose and do well. Ordinarily, though, the pattern is a steady one and the problems will remain until someone finds out what is bugging him.

The underachiever in high school more often than not displays one or more of the following symptoms: tardiness, truancy, failure to show up in class with necessary equipment, inattention, indifference, defiance, "sickness" when faced with unpleasant situations, failure to do everyday chores.

Joe first came to my attention because he refused to return a form which each pupil is expected to fill out for the guidance files. No amount of needling and threatening had any effect. Meanwhile, complaints poured in from teachers: Joe would get up to recite and tell a risqué story instead. He refused to do his homework. He cut class. He was inattentive. He refused to shave his sideburns.

An examination of school records

showed Joe to be exceptionally bright and creative, but he had a history of failing grades. Joe himself was interesting and delightful to visit with, always pleasant and agreeable.

One day during a counseling session I said, "Joe, are you interested in getting out of this school with the other members of your class?"

"Oh, sure!" he said.

"Well, you know you're skating on pretty thin credits, don't you?"



*"Many underachievers are disciplinary problems, but others are quiet, well behaved and agreeable. . . . They may be more disturbed than those who openly misbehave."*



"I know as much as the other kids," he answered airily.

"I don't doubt that, but grades are your passport out of here and into college. Whom are you trying to get even with?"

Joe sat up straight in surprise. "Get even?"

I nodded.

He looked thoughtful for a few minutes. "I don't think I know what you mean."

"Joe, do you know what I think? I think you had a reason for not bringing me the form you were supposed to return early in the term."

"Well, sure. I forgot the blamed thing."

"I think you forgot it on purpose."

"On purpose! Oh now, Miss Thomas—"

"On purpose, Joe. I believe you just decided this old girl wasn't going to tell you what to do. Right?"

He blushed and laughed somewhat weakly, then probed around in his pockets. "Maybe I just happened to have the darn thing with me."

Joe did just happen to have "the darn thing" with him—filled out

completely, and tattered from several months of being carried around as a symbol of his rebellion against authority.

"Let's talk about it, Joe," I suggested. "About how you feel, I mean."

"Well, people have been telling me what to do all my life. It just got under my skin!"

Rebellion against authority is one of the most common reasons for underachievement and counseling with parents, teachers, and students can result in marked improvement. But as always, prevention is more effective than remedial measures.

If a child is doing poorly in school, his parents should examine the family situation. If parents choose the subjects for their high-school son or daughter, they may expect rebellion in the form of poor grades. If home-imposed rules are too strict, the youth may be submissive at home, but rebellious at school. School achievement may be the only area of the child's life which the parents cannot control—and poor grades become tangible evidence of his rebellion.

The child who is greatly admired by his parents for superior ability may be pampered to the point of overpermissiveness. Karen scores in the near-genius range on tests of mental ability, and she does better on examinations than fellow students who spend hours studying. But she gets below-average grades on report cards because of erratic attendance and failure to complete daily work assignments.

Karen's explanation: "I'm just bored stiff with little things. For instance, I didn't put the accents on some of the words in the Spanish drill, so the teacher flunked me."

A series of conferences with Karen reveals that she has gone through life "bored stiff" with "little things" and has never been expected to do what average people do. While members of the family were making beds and washing dishes, she was off in her dream world painting pictures or designing costumes. In grade school, teachers had been so eager to encourage and develop Karen's talents that they sometimes forgot that even the world's gifted people must perform tasks which are no challenge to the intelligence.

Closely allied to the problem of boredom is that of inadequate sense of responsibility. The student who does not get passing grades not only fails in his obligation to family, school, and society but to himself. Perhaps no one is more uncomfortable over his poor grades than the student himself; but unless responsibility has been developed as he has grown, he will lack self-direction as an adolescent.

Sam's mother summarized the situation in a discussion with me about Sam's grade failure: "I realize I'm at fault. I never followed through on my orders when Sam was a little guy. He was supposed to do certain things before he went to school, but somehow he always managed to slip away when I wasn't looking. It was just easier to do the work myself."

Many underachievers, including those I have described, come from good families who are interested in their children's welfare. The parents are eager to examine their mistakes and to do something to improve the situation. The under-





achiever is not satisfied with his failing grades and welcomes the opportunity to talk things over with a counselor or other interested adult. Usually the student and his family can work out compromises which will start the young person in the direction of more productive performance.

The problem is much more difficult in the case of parents who are emotionally ill or who reject their children. The child of an alcoholic parent, a morally promiscuous one, or one who habitually escapes reality may unconsciously adopt the attitude: "Who are *they* to tell me what to do?"

In such instances, the child's behavior will usually take serious forms in addition to underachieve-

ment—stealing, habitual lying, sexual deviation, physical violence, destruction of property, drunkenness, reckless driving, running away from home, illness. Underachievement in these cases is seldom corrected until the basic parental illness is treated.

Underachievement occasionally does not occur until high school, when the student begins to rebel at parental ties. But it is never too early for parents to examine the home and pinpoint some danger signals:

1. Do I set a good example by achieving well in my own undertakings?

2. Do I guard against inflexibility and an attitude of being always right?

3. Am I careful not to expect too

much of myself nor of the members of my family? Do I keep in mind that everyone has some right to spend his abilities as he sees fit? Some adults, as well as some children, do not wish to live up to capacity. They may be healthier, happier, and more relaxed than their more ambitious neighbors.

4. Am I mature and emotionally stable, so that my children can be expected to respect my judgment?

5. Am I realistic in my expectations? Have I consulted with school authorities in regard to my child's measured abilities, his areas of strength and weakness? Have I consulted with the child as to what he wants to do with his life?

6. Do I help my children establish healthy reasons for wanting to earn better grades?

7. Is our family interested in learning for its own sake, or are we perhaps too grade conscious?

8. Am I, as a parent, careful never to compare one child with another in or out of the family?

9. Am I satisfied with small measures of improvement rather than expecting immediate and spectacular changes?

10. Do I commend at least as often as I criticize?

11. Do I allow my child independence within a framework of firm, but reasonable, discipline, at all ages?

12. Do I insure each child a good-sized portion of responsibility toward family, school, and community at appropriate age levels, and do I insist that responsibilities be carried to completion?

13. Most important of all, do I enjoy my children? Children who get on their parents' nerves, who sense that their parents cannot handle them, who feel rejected or unloved, invariably come to the attention of school authorities for punitive measures or of school guidance counselors for remedial help. It is not enough to love one's children; the parent must also like being with them.

If an underachiever turns up in your home, be grateful that his symptom is a comparatively mild one. And do not turn the pressure on the child until you have turned a magnifying glass on yourself and the family situation. □

## LITTLE BROTHERS



**L**ITTLE brothers are crazy and dumb but sometimes they are cute and they smell good. Especially the necks. They laugh like anything when you tickle them in the stomach or even the back. They always want to come with you but they might get hurt doing the dangerous things us big guys in the Secret Club do. Sometimes they tell your Mother when you take peaches off of Mr. Martin's tree because you don't let them come with you and sometimes your father plays who am I with them that he used to play with only you. And you get in trouble because they take up your school books. They can't climb so hot or run at all hardly, and when they get scared they bawl. They do sissy things like color pictures and sing songs and when they get angry they fight like crazy girls and cry at the same time. If some bigger kid picks on them you have to beat the bully up for them. They try to copy you usually and brag about you to other little kids.

And sometimes I'm in my magic room I used to have all to myself and I see my little brother in my old crib with the bunnies on it. His sleeping with his mouth open and his arm holding on to his torn teddy bear and if nobody is looking I kiss him. Right on the cheek.

—Charles Ross, Aged 8



# I Am a Witch!

By PATIENCE ZAWADSKY



MANY FOLKS in this atom age have stopped clapping for Tinkerbelle and believe that ghosts disappeared along with the crystal radio set. I can assure them they are wrong.

If they keep their ears to the chair tops and their eyes to the bed bottoms, they will discover that enchantment is still thriving below the three-foot level. How do I know? Because I am a witch!

It took many years for me to recognize my membership in the select sorority of hags. In fact, the first indication of my witchly powers appeared when my son John was three. After he and a friend had messed up my living room, they took refuge under a canvas swimming pool, and although they were invisible to the eyes their voices carried across the whole back yard.

"She won't find us here," they giggled, as I tiptoed across the lawn. "Not in a millyun years!"

"Aha!" I shouted, whisking the canvas cover aside. "Here's where you're hiding."

"How'd she know?" gasped my son's awed friend.

"She always knows," replied John, with resigned conviction, "'cause she's a witch."

Naturally I did not let this initial statement serve as final proof. Verification of my witchcraft has taken many years and many incidents. But, little by little, they all add up to certainty.

Paul is building a tower of blocks in the next room. I hear a loud bang as the tower topples, followed by a scream of rage and the accusation: "Now look what you made me do, Mommy!" There's no use denying that I made the tower fall. My children know that my destructive powers reach through walls, up and down stairs, even as far as the front lawn. Why, with this witchy power alone I have made chairs topple, heads get bumped, knees get skinned and hundreds of toy forts fall to the Indians.

I am downstairs waxing the floor when I hear a loud howl from the bedroom. I call out:

"Paul, stop punching John. And John, stop calling Paul a pig."

"How could she tell?" asks Paul.

"She sawed it with the eyes in the top of her head," says Becky.

These eyes in the top of my head are not the only characteristics of my witchiness. I have an additional set of eyes in the back of my head, a hard heart at bedtime, a mean voice for children who dirty up the house, and a general crabbiness at times of crisis.

I am hanging up clothes in the yard as Becky and Paul crawl by with toy guns drawn. "What are you hunting?" I ask.

"Invisible monsters," Paul tells me in a whisper. "Have you seen any around?"

"Not lately," I inform him.

"Well, let us know when you do,"

"I am getting ready for church when my seven-year-old wants to know where his shoes are."





A blanket for the homeless.

# MCOR: A Sad Necessity of Our Time

BORN OF evil and man's inhumanity to man, the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse are visioned in Revelation 6:2-8 as representing War, Pestilence, Famine, and Death. Today the grim foursome still ride their thundering steeds across the world. Add to their dread procession such natural disasters as earthquake, storm, and flood, and the mission of the Christian church is apparent in a vast sea of human need and suffering.

Since the Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief was authorized by the General Conference of 1940, its good deeds and dollar donations are to be counted by the millions. As Methodism's only denominational agency for relief abroad, MCOR has raised and disbursed more than \$28 million, almost half of it through interdenominational channels and in refugee relief and resettlement.

Through the church, Methodists are giving increasingly generous amounts, but admittedly it is not possible for MCOR—or any other single agency—to reach more than a small minority of the helpless men, women, and children caught in the path of the horsemen.

When MCOR was established with Bishop Herbert Welch as founding chairman, its immediate purpose was the distribution of clothing, shelter, medicine, and fuel. By 1960, however, world events had called for broadening the "temporary" relief program.

"It was not enough simply to save life," said Bishop Welch as MCOR observed its 20th anniversary. "Life must be made worth living. Helpless victims of war must be rehabilitated to self-respect and self-support. These rescued men and women and little children must not be abandoned with a

package of food and a bundle of old clothes . . ."

MCOR's 25th anniversary, being observed this year, finds the agency carrying on a four-point program of:

1. *Relief* (food, clothing, shelter, medical supplies).

2. *Rehabilitation* (helping people help themselves).

3. *Resettlement* (moving refugees and others toward opportunity).

4. *Renewal* (helping people realize their own inherent strength to better their lives).

"The 25th anniversary finds MCOR still small, still flexible, still 'temporary,' and still young," says Dr. Gaither P. Warfield, general secretary of the agency.

The sad necessity of our time, he continues, has called for Meals for Millions in Africa, milk for Jordan, homes for beggar boys in Korea, a simple but effective sea-water distillation program for arid Symi, Greece, millions of pounds of food for starving multitudes in many countries—and special appeals such as the one for Algeria three years ago that brought more than 172,000 blankets and \$164,000 in cash.

In Pakistan, Korea, the Congo, Haiti, Chile, Iran—in more than 50 countries of the free world—MCOR has co-operated with other Methodist agencies and other Protestant groups to provide a great variety of services. Through the Share Our Surplus program, the churches have distributed an estimated 340 million pounds of food to hungry people overseas. Methodists, through MCOR, have participated fully in this program. Since World War II, MCOR has resettled 18,000 refugees in the USA.

—H. B. TEETER

he nods and creeps on his way.

Invisible monsters are only one of my many supernatural associates. I have hobnobbed with every variety of demon in the last 10 years, searching closets at night for spooks, banishing dragons from dark cellars, and holding conversations with nonexistent companions my children brought home between the ages of three and five.

I am vacuuming the living room in January, and my 10-year-old runs in.

"Where is that butterfly I caught last August?"

Without missing a speck of dust, I reply: "At the top of the closet behind the jar with the beetle in it."

I am getting ready for church, when my seven-year-old wants to know where his shoes are. "One's under the stove in the kitchen." I answer placidly. "And the other is behind the radiator in the dining room."

My five-year-old stares out the window at the wintry brown ground. "Where did all the flowers go?" she asks with a puzzled frown.

"Ask Mommy," Paul tells her confidently. "She knows everything."

Of course I realize, a little sadly, that my magic powers will dwindle as the years go by. John already has begun to doubt my all-knowing faculties, especially when it comes to mathematics. And I haven't exorcised a ghost for Paul in months and months.

I will not regret the day when my nasty-witch side disappears and becomes, in my children's eyes, the very human quality of nastiness. But I will feel wistful when my good magic disappears for good.

It is early December, and the first star-shaped flakes of white begin to fall from the clouded sky. Paul bounds up the stairs and plants a kiss on my cheek. "Thanks, Mom!"

"For what?" I ask in pleased surprise. "I didn't do anything."

"Yes you did!" he replies with a grateful smile. "You made it snow—way before Christmas even!"

"I didn't make it snow," I tell him. "God made it snow."

"I know," he nods, giving me an extra hug. "But you must have convinced him." □



The time had come for reformation when an obscure monk fanned its smoldering brands in 16th-century Germany.

# Here Martin Luther Lived... and Died

*Most accurate and beloved is this portrait of Luther, pensive and determined at 43, done by his banker-friend, Lucas Cranach.*



HE REALLY had not intended to be a troublemaker. Martin Luther only wanted to debate certain questions with ranking theologians of his day. Yet the controversy over his propositions was the fresh breeze that set Europe aflame with religious reform, which had long smoldered beneath the surface.

In nailing his 95 Theses to the door of Castle Church in Wittenberg, on the last day of October in 1517, he unwittingly tore apart the church. The issue was abuses connected with the sale of indulgences offered by Pope Leo X. In this way, a man could get his deceased relatives released from penalties for sin. Said a popular hawker's rhyme:

*As soon as coin in the coffer rings,  
The soul from purgatory springs.*

For attacking the ecclesiastical system of his day, Luther was summoned to Rome. But Elector Frederick the Wise of Saxony intervened to insist on a fair hearing. Luther's friends thought surely he would be burned at the stake. Instead, he set fire to a papal decree describing him as "a wild boar in the vineyard." Theologian John Eck said Luther's views sounded like those of John Huss, Bohemian martyr of a century earlier. Indeed, they did.

*Luther posted his 95 arguments against indulgence abuses on these Wittenberg church doors. Engraved portals were installed in 1858.*





## A Monk's Thoughts in an Erfurt Cloister Shook the World

*The Reformer's traits are evident in Cranach's portraits of Luther's parents: In Hans, will power and firm resolution; in Margareta, a heritage of hardship, work, and worry.*

*This medieval schoolhouse in Mansfeld is where young Martin and a few friends learned to read and to write. In later years he often told how the older boys carried him through deep snow on bleak winter days.*





**J**UST FOR stealing a nut, his mother caned him until the blood came, the reforming monk recalled. Once his father whipped him so hard that he ran away. But rough handling of youngsters was in keeping with the times when Martin Luther was born at Eisleben in November, 1483.

The next year his peasant family moved to Mansfeld, where his father became a coal miner and later the owner of small foundries. Martin, with several other boys, became determined to learn to read and write, and he entered school there, a rare privilege in medieval Germany. He also attended schools at Magdeburg and Eisenach. At the University of Erfurt, he received his master of arts degree and began to study law, mainly his father's idea.

People of the age were fearful of death and judgment. Luther's parents taught him fear of everlasting damnation, and his early years were preoccupied with appeasing God. He longed for everlasting peace, but his heritage of faith was mixed with German paganism and mythology. He spent years trying to earn salvation through austerity.

Much later, as a priest and teacher at Wittenberg, the flames of his inner torture were quenched by his discovery that a man depends for his salvation on sheer grace. That is how Luther came to trust God instead of fearing him. Solution to his personal problems came as he studied Scripture and lectured.

Long before his break with Rome, Luther's thinking had matured. His most important writings were published in 1520. By then the University of Wittenberg,



*Except for a few brief trips outside, Luther spent his life in this area, now part of East Germany.*

where he lectured, had made him a doctor of theology, and all that summer he was sending tracts to his printer. These writings spelled out practical implications of his thinking about what God is like and the way of salvation. Luther's works called on the ruling class in Germany to reform the church, helped to free the church's sacraments for the people, and spelled out basic Reformation principles.

Ironically, Luther's revolt against the church was the result of his desperate attempt to follow her way. His impetuous burning of the pope's decree was an expression of anger against a system, not a man. Some say that the first spark of Protestant reform came out of Luther's frightening experience, as a law student at Erfurt, which led him into an Augustinian monastic order and later out again.

*At 18, Luther enrolled at Erfurt in the shadow of the cathedral and three-spired St. Severus Church.*







## A Bolt From the Heavens Changed the Student's Life

ONE SULTRY July day in 1505, Martin Luther was hiking back to Erfurt after a visit with his parents. He was dressed in the usual black gown of university students. On the outskirts of Stotternheim, a thunderstorm broke, blackening the skies and terrifying him with lightning.

When one of the bolts knocked him to the ground, Luther thought surely he would be killed. Instinctively, he called upon the patroness of coal miners:





*Frightened by a lightning bolt near this stone, Luther vowed to become a monk. The news enraged his father.*

"Saint Anne, help me! I will become a monk." A few days later, he entered the strict Augustinian cloister at Erfurt to fulfill his vow.

Ordained in 1507, he was sent the next year to Wittenberg to teach logic and physics for a semester. Back in Erfurt, he and another monk were assigned a mission to Rome.

During his month's stay, Luther spent all his spare time trying to gain spiritual benefits for himself and

his family, said to be available only in the holy city. But the immorality and frivolity of local priests completely disillusioned him.

A spiritual awakening came as he was climbing Pilate's stairs. On hands and knees, kissing each step and saying a prayer as he went, Luther inched his way. At the top, he raised up and exclaimed, "Who knows whether it is so?" Such doubts led him to believe the just must live by faith alone.





## His Genius Opened the Bible to His People

MARTIN LUTHER arrived in Worms in a two-wheeled cart for questioning before the Diet. Nearly 2,000 people turned out to escort him. In perhaps the most dramatic moment of his life, the Reformer was examined by a representative of the archbishop and confronted with a pile of books.

"The books are all mine," Luther admitted. "And I have written more." He was asked whether he was ready to repudiate what he had written. His reply is famous: "My conscience is captive to the Word of God. I cannot and will not recant anything... Here I stand. I cannot do otherwise. God help me."

The Edict of Worms put Luther under ban of the Holy Roman Empire. To save him from the stake, he was hidden away under an assumed name at Wartburg Castle, near Eisenach. There he worked on his translation of the New Testament into German.

Returning to Wittenberg, he spent the remaining 25 years of his life much less a public figure. When a convent of nuns left their cloister, Luther helped them find homes, husbands, or positions. The last one, Katherine von Bora, he decided to marry. His most famous hymn, *A Mighty Fortress Is Our God*, set a pattern for Protestant music.

The old Luther, coarse and crabby, never lost his mental alertness. At the age of 62, he was called to Mansfeld to arbitrate a legal dispute among the local counts. On his way home, he stopped to rest in Eisleben, his birthplace. There he suffered a heart attack and died—the tallest figure in 16th-century Protestant Reformation.

—NEWMAN CRYER

*The banned Reformer found refuge in the bailiff's house at Wartburg, where he translated the New Testament into German in only 10 weeks.*



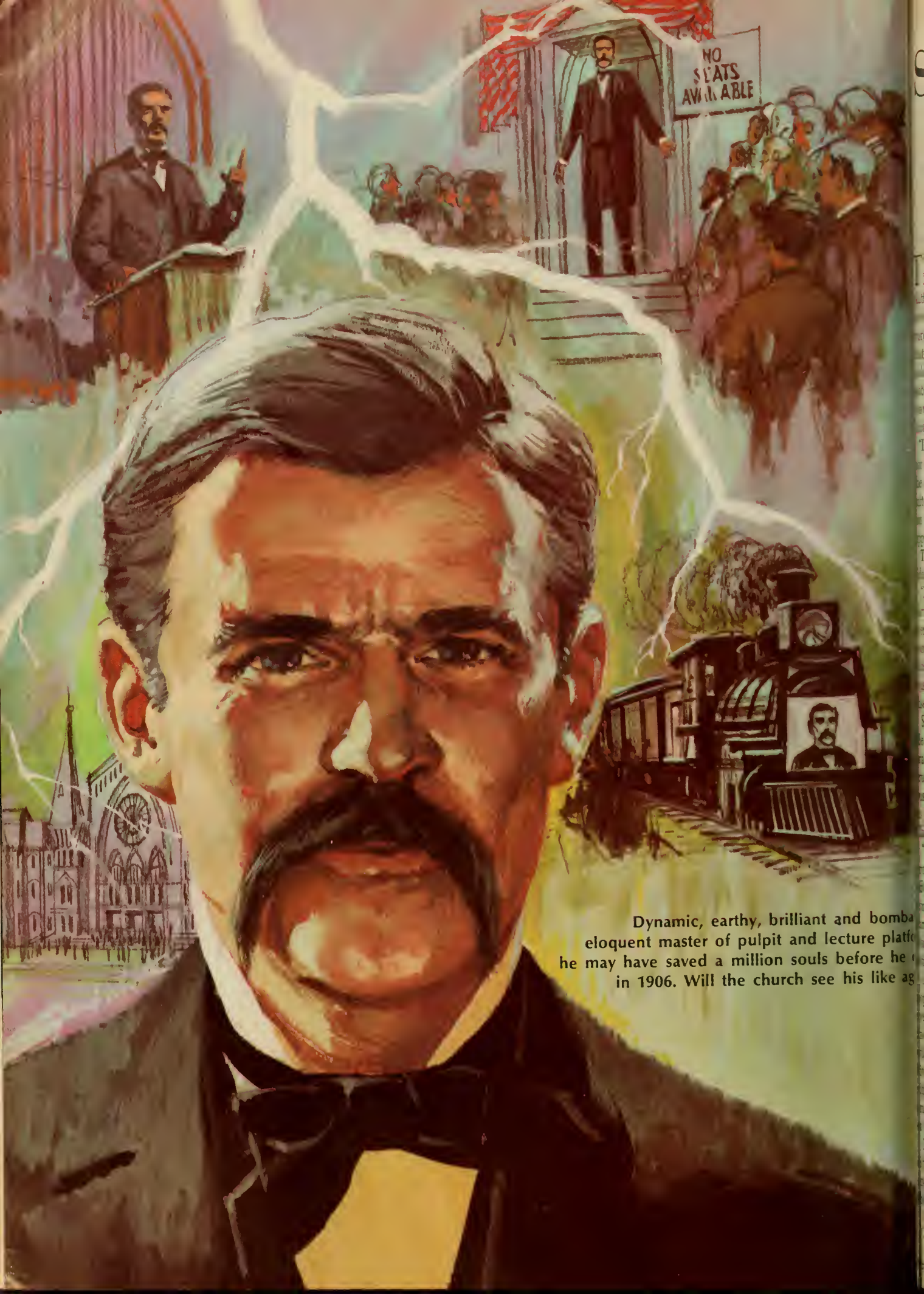


*Best-known German castle is the Wartburg, enmeshed with folktales. A symbol of unity atop a steep hill, it overlooks the line dividing East from West. The cross, once removed for a short time by Hitlerites, has withstood Nazis and Communists.*

*The miner townsfolk erected this monument to Luther in Eisleben, where he was born and died.*







Dynamic, earthy, brilliant and bombastic, an eloquent master of pulpit and lecture platform, he may have saved a million souls before he died in 1906. Will the church see his like again?



# SAM JONES:

## Methodism's Great Evangelist

By HERMAN B. TEETER, Associate Editor

THE MAN ON the speaker's platform appeared conventional enough for his day and age. He wore an evangelist's black sack coat and vest, dark-gray trousers, and black silk tie with moustache to match. But when he rose to preach, conventionality ended—and Sam Jones began.

"I am not preaching to suit you, or to suit this city, nor to suit the members of the church, nor to suit any man, living or dead. I am here to preach the Truth as it applies to you!"

That kind of preaching, he concluded, earns a lot of enemies.

"I have been called vulgar by churchkeepers. I have been called obscene by women who love the ballrooms, and a religious jester by those whose only stock-in-trade was a solemn countenance and a seared liver."

Sam Jones violated all the rules. He scorned the soaring, flowery oratory of his day. He could be audite or earthy, harsh or humorous, reformer or iconoclast. Among great evangelists, The Methodist church had never seen his like. "I believe," he once said, "in progressive theology, in aggressive effort, in agitation, in conflict, in conquest, and in crowns. . . . There can be no movement without friction, no battle without an issue, no issue without drawing the lines." At the height of his power and popularity some 70 years ago, not even Dwight L. Moody was better known, more influential, more widely applauded. The largest auditoriums in the nation's largest cities turned them away when the small-town boy from Georgia came to preach.

It was an era of mighty evangelists, and Sam Jones could shock and sway sinners with the best of them. He never ranted, raved, or

shouted, but his soft Georgia voice—an acoustic phenomenon that could reach the most distant parts of an auditorium—became an insistent thunder, shaking churches out of ecclesiastical slumber and opening doors to multitudes of new worshippers.

"Repentance," he declared, "is just turning round in the road, going the other way, turning from the way that leads to hell and the devil, and starting on the way that leads to God and heaven. Now neighbor, if you haven't sense enough to see that, you don't have to repent, for the Lord has made a special provision for idiots and children."

He knew all about sin, he said, for he had been a sinner; he knew about cursing because he once had used profanity; and he knew about drunkards, for he had been one.

"At 21," he would explain, "I was physically wrecked and morally ruined. . . . I went on and on, until one night, boys, it ended and ended forever."

In his fight against drinking, gambling, profanity, card-playing, adultery, idleness, sham, and civic corruption, there was no compromise.

"Whenever you get Sam Jones compromising with the devil and his gang," he pledged, "you can take me out and saw off my head with a dull case knife!"

After one sermon, during which he had criticized women for using lipstick and rouge, he was challenged by an offended follower.

"Mr. Jones," she demanded, "why do you criticize us for painting our faces when it is obvious that you dye your moustache?"

Sam, whose hair was gray, stroked his black moustache, and his eyes sparkled with good humor. "Madame," he replied, "this mous-

tache got started 20 years later than the hair on my head, and it simply ain't caught up yet."

Samuel Porter Jones was born in Alabama, October 16, 1847, but he grew up in Cartersville, Ga., the grandson of a Methodist preacher and the nephew of four others.

"I am a Methodist just as I am a Jones; and if it is a sin to be either, it is a sin visited upon the children from the parents. Methodists and Joneses are getting to be very general everywhere," he once said.

His mother died when he was nine, and his father served with the Army of Virginia during the Civil War. Sam said he started drinking and running around with the wrong crowd while his father was away, and apparently he suffered a nervous breakdown which caused him to give up hope of college.

Later, however, he studied law and was admitted to the bar within 12 months. Married in 1869, he found drink "stronger than the tears of my wife, the advice of my friends, and the dictates of my own better judgment."

His pledge of lifelong sobriety came beside his father's deathbed, and soon Sam felt the call to preach. Invited to deliver his first sermon in one of his grandfather's circuit churches, he recalled:

"I began my talk with fear and trembling. I looked out over a congregation, every member of which knew me. They knew what my past had been. They knew me only as a wild, reckless boy."

It was not long, however, before hundreds of converts were thronging to the altars wherever Sam Jones preached. He was only an itinerant Methodist minister who started out in 1872 at \$700 a year on the Van Wert Circuit in the North Georgia Conference, but it was reported that during the first eight



years of his ministry his preaching converted some 5,000 persons.

From the early 1880s until his death in 1906, he preached in cities from coast to coast. His name was a household word in St. Louis, Chicago, Brooklyn, Boston, Nashville, San Francisco, Atlanta—even in Toronto, Canada, where he held a successful revival. In his later years, he was in wide demand on summer Chautauqua circuits.

"He addressed more and greater audiences than any other man of the century," according to Horace M. Du Bose, author of a *History of Methodism*, published in 1916.

SAM Jones said he hurled his soul-shattering thunderbolts from pulpit and lecture platform because, "It has been my object in life to make sin hideous and righteousness attractive." Pulling out all the stops, he was Methodism's answer to agnostic Robert Ingersoll, who also drew great crowds—unless Sam Jones was in town at the same time. Sam took advantage of their rivalry to denounce religious sham and hypocrisy.

"I had rather be an Ingersoll, and disbelieve the Book," he declared, "than to be a Methodist believing everything and living just like Ingersoll."

He had no qualms about leveling his guns on the clergy of his day, particularly those who would not adopt his own zest and earnestness. He urged them to throw away their ornate rhetoric and worn-out sermons. It amused him, he said, "to see a dry, dogmatic preacher dressed in his cold, conventional suit, with his dingy manuscript of a sermon prepared 40 years ago, stand in the pulpit of a \$40,000 church, and read his soporific message to the slumbering 40."

"If a preacher is consecrated to God and is hustling, then I never say anything against him. And if he ain't hustling, then I tap him up, and he goes to kicking every time. I have always taught the boys that when a mule is wearing out his hind legs against a single tree, it is time to tap him up!"

In many respects, Sam Jones may seem out-of-date today; but at the turn of the century, he must have

seemed daringly progressive. While he was an admirer of John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, he pointed out that Wesley lived in "the age of no telephone, no telegraph, no lightning express, no electric cars."

"It seems silly to me that in this age we should persist in wearing Wesley's coat and riding his old rocking horse, and using his methods without change or modification, or the common sense of adaptation to the present age."

Sam Jones believed a preacher should mix politics with religion—not at the party level, but as "a champion of every clean method and every right aim which results in good government."

In Cincinnati, a city said by the great Moody to be "an evangelist's graveyard," the Music Hall (capacity, 10,000) was crowded at every service Jones conducted. In St. Louis, where 12,000 turned up and some 3,000 waited outside closed doors, Sam stood on the steps and spoke to the overflow for 10 minutes. It became the custom almost everywhere for men to hire small boys at a quarter each to hold their seats. In Boston, where no one believed Sam Jones could cause a ripple, it was said that only the Boston Common was big enough for the crowds that came to hear.

The late Bishop Edwin H. Hughes heard Jones tell a group of clergy in Boston "that he could preach as elegantly as any of them, but that this special area of inefficient niceness was badly crowded, and that his message found freer course in the lanes and alleys of common living." And, the bishop added, "I myself heard him deliver a sermon which in its solemn elegance could readily have been delivered in any collegiate chapel."

For weeks on end, he preached three and four times a day, and still managed to be a coeditor (with the Rev. B. F. Haynes) of the *Tennessee Methodist*, published at Nashville. Often more than half the front-page articles were signed "S. P. J." From Owensboro, Ky., a distilling center, he wrote:

"Some of the best temperance people in the world live at Owensboro, and during our meetings Bro.

Stuart and I poured the shot and shell into the liquor traffic until the sentiment rose to a very storm, and the preachers and the good people put the liquor men on notice that a war had been started, the black flag had been raised, and they meant victory or death." (He mentioned, incidentally, that "the last night of the service we raised \$22,000 to put up a magnificent building for the YMCA.")

The newspapers of his day were aware of the sensational interest millions had in everything Sam Jones said or did. Although many opposed him bitterly, Sam opened a revival in Chicago with 35 reporters present. Even the Chicago papers carried full stenographic reports of his sermons, and detailed summations reached the rest of the nation through wire services.

"Newspapers," he said, "have been kind to me in their reportorial columns, and I can cheerfully overlook any criticisms in the editorial columns. The secular papers are so much more alive and aggressive than the religious papers that when they fall into line with a good work they are a power we scarcely know how to estimate."

P REACHING several times a day, traveling on a breakneck schedule, and writing prolifically for the *Tennessee Methodist*, he raised concern for his health.

"When my good friends tell me I am working myself to death, I laugh them off by telling them what Whitefield said when a physician told him he must stop working so much, that he must preach only four hours every day and six hours on Sunday."

Whitefield's rebellious reply had been: "Doctor, do you want me to rust to death?"

But in fact Sam Jones actually may have preached himself to death. Like Whitefield, he died unexpectedly, apparently of a heart attack on the morning of October 15, 1906, while aboard a passenger train stalled behind a wrecked freight at Perry, Ark. Beside him was his son-in-law, the Rev. Walt B. Holcomb, who later would write the book, *Sam Jones: An Ambassador of the Almighty* (Parthenon



ress, 1947). It is an affectionate and authoritative source on the life and works of the great evangelist.

Mr. Holcomb, himself an active evangelist until his death in Atlanta last February, related how the body was taken from Little Rock to Memphis where the president of the Nashville, Chattanooga, and St. Louis Railway had ordered a special train consisting of engine, baggage coach for the casket, day coach for the trainmen, and a Pullman for friends and relatives. From Memphis, the train had right of way over all others on the system through Nashville to Atlanta, and thousands jammed Cartersville when the Sam Jones funeral special arrived there on what would have been his 59th birthday.

"The greatest man this country has ever known has passed away," was the tribute of his close associate, Dr. George R. Stuart.

"From churches, splendid and lowly, from tabernacles and brush arbor and amphitheaters, from the lecture platform and pulpit, the mad soldier of the cross comes to me," declared Judge J. W. Akin. Scores of memorial services were held throughout the nation. Atlanta invited and was granted a last look at Sam Jones. His funeral train entered the capital city with muted whistle, the engine draped in black and white, an enlarged portrait of the dead evangelist under the headlight. For part of one day the body lay in state under the capitol dome, and within a few hours an estimated 30,000 filed by.

The man they mourned, Bishop Eph S. Key once commented, was eccentric, rugged, unharnessed, and uncontrollable—which is just the equivalent of saying he is himself."

As an evangelist, Sam Jones edged two great revivalistic traditions. His genius at organizing a revival anticipated Billy Sunday, then appearing on the scene, and many of his methods would be refined in the Billy Graham crusades of modern times.

Sam Jones' detractors insisted that the hundreds of thousands he converted would soon resume their sinful ways.

Sam was frank: "Moody has converts who are sticking . . . and then

there are some who have gone back . . . and so has every preacher in this country. And then, bless the Lord, a whole lot of us preachers have converts that came to stay, and they are staying yet . . ."

And so they are. One can only guess, but perhaps a million Americans today owe their Methodist heritage to Sam Jones who claimed he was "no more an evangelist than any other Methodist preacher."

HE freely confessed his own tendencies toward alcoholism: "I have been as sober a man as ever walked God Almighty's earth for 20-odd years, and I tell you what is a fact, that appetite has hunted me down through these years, and it follows on till this day. . . Never will I consider myself free from a drunkard's grave until my wife kisses my cold lips in death and my spirit has gone home to God."

When he concluded that sermon, 6,000 men in one audience rose to their feet, pledging "to lead a better life from this day until I die."

Was Sam Jones the mountebank, con man, and unreformed drunkard some of his enemies claimed him to be? He commented wryly that he had been "reported drunk hundreds of times" since his ministry began, and that lately even wife-beating had been added to the whispering campaigns against him.

It was unorthodox, of course, for him to declare: "I would rather have a member that would work for God and . . . get drunk every six weeks, than one of those old, sober Methodists that ain't worth anything, drunk or sober."

Long before medical science came to agree with him, the evangelist had the audacity to define alcoholism as a "disease."

"Among all the affiliated of our race, probably the drunkard, outside of his own mother and wife, gets the least sympathy and possibly deserves it most. That drunkenness is a disease, no one informed on the subject will deny; and after the drunkard passes a certain point, he is as little to blame for his drunkenness as the epileptic is for his spasms."

Sam Jones may have converted more people than any Methodist,

before or since, but some church histories hardly mention his name. He did not build colleges, he did not organize great churches. Unlike Moody, he left no Bible institute. But among those who heard him (a few are still living) no doubt some were inspired to do these things. The great revival tabernacles or auditoriums built for his preaching have long since disappeared or have been converted to other uses. The Jones-Ryman Auditorium in Nashville, best known today as Ryman Auditorium, was built by Captain Rom Ryman, wealthy owner of a fleet of steamboats, who was converted at a Sam Jones revival. Today it is home of the *Grand Ole Opry*.

So it is true that when he died, Sam Jones did not leave much behind to perpetuate his memory—not many things you can put a finger on. His legacy instead was a host of changed lives, and memories of homely sayings that have been handed down through generations of Methodists.

Of prayer, he would say: "I will tell you, brethren, when you run up to God Almighty's coal and water station, you must take on enough for your needs. That is it. That is the way to get steam to make the trip. That is the meaning of prayer."

But what, Brother Jones, if my prayers are never answered?

"Well, many a fellow is praying for rain with his tub the wrong side up . . . Turn them up . . . for the shower is coming."

He got through to people, and many a sinner would sit up in his seat at: "You are not fooling anybody, you great big old fool, you!"

Preachers who would not support his revivals were fit only "to marry the living and bury the dead," he observed. "It takes grace, grit, and greenbacks to run a meeting." God would provide the grace, the people would provide the greenbacks, and he, Sam Jones, the grit.

That is the way it was not so many years ago when Sam Jones went about making sin hideous and righteousness attractive. That he succeeded on a grand scale, few can deny.

After all, as one admirer said, he was able to accomplish what he did because he was what he was. □



If you are a Christian, how do you tell the world about it? Or, more to the point, how do you make your personal faith known to the man at the next desk or alongside you on the assembly line? And what does your faith have to do with those nagging personal and social issues all of us face in everyday life? These questions were sliced open and probed by nearly 5,000 Methodist Men who met at Purdue University in Lafayette, Ind., early last July for their three-day national conference. From 48 states they came, to be confronted intensively, through speeches and drama, discussion and worship, with the place of Christian witness in today's world. We took the occasion to assemble four laymen for a conversation on what it means for a Christian to make his witness to another person.

This feature, taken from a tape recording of their discussion, lets you in on their thinking. Here is how the participants responded to the questions of our staff moderator.

## What Does



*Clare N. Pettit (left) operates a real-estate and insurance agency in Parlier, Calif., near his farm. Formerly an administrator of schools, he is president of the Methodist Board of Lay Activities and lay leader of California-Nevada Conference.*



*Walter S. Lennartson (right) is an editor and publisher of textbooks in the field of office automation. Living near Chicago, Ill., he is associate conference lay leader and lay member, from his local church, of the Rock River Conference.*



*David Self (left), who served several years in Phenix City, Ala., as superintendent of schools, joined the University of Alabama education faculty at Tuscaloosa just this fall. He is a member of the Methodist Board of Education.*



*William M. Beatty (right) works as assistant postmaster in the New Kensington, Pa., post office where 101 persons are employed. In his church, he is a steward and adult Bible class teacher. He also is a former conference lay leader.*



# Christian Witness Mean Today?

**WHAT DOES it mean to be a witness, and what is distinctive about Christian witness?**

*Clare:* We have no choice as to whether we witness or not. There is no such thing in modern society as not being a witness. You are either for or against something. Even if you fail to take a position, it simply means that you are willing to accept the verdict of everybody else. Remaining neutral on any matter is simply an impossibility under modern social conditions of sharing and transmission of ideas. This is a basic concept upon which we must base our definitions of "witnessing." The question is not *whether* we witness, it's *what* we witness to.

*Bill:* You witness by giving personal testimony of God's power in your own life, whenever and wherever you have the opportunity. Every day you have opportunities to share Christian faith by the way you respond to a given situation.

*Walter:* I'm concerned about thinking of witnessing merely as oral presentation. It is also a way of life. We need to bring into play the kind of witness which shows itself by what we are, what we do, and how we react to a problem or an opportunity. How we act can make a sharp impression on someone else.

*Dave:* To be a witness is to tell about something you know firsthand. There are many ways this can happen. The distinctive thing is that Christianity makes a difference in this world. We know God has eternal concern for a man's soul.

*Clare:* We are talking, perhaps, about two different kinds of things. One is presenting Christian faith so that those who do not know about it will hear of its excellence, its opportunities, its details of operation, and its promises.

But this does not exhaust the matter of witnessing. I find myself asking at the end of a business day, "Is there anything I did today that marks me, my actions, my purposes as being different from any non-Christian, but ethical, businessman in the same occupation?"

*Dave:* There are times when we do not have opportunity to be seen or heard by someone else. Yet, there is never a time when you are not with yourself. This

is continually in the mind of a Christian. Your relation with God and with your fellowman is something that always starts with yourself. This permeates your whole way of being. You've acted the way you have because you are a Christian. You don't have to *say* this is a Christian witness.

*Bill:* Some of the most effective witnessing is done very quietly. It is done by people who always seem to be available when needed. Maybe there's a situation that comes up in a neighborhood, and a good neighbor just steps in because he feels this is the thing to do. People like this are sometimes as effective as people who make a speech.

*Walter:* Christianity is a way of life, a pattern that has been established. You do not consciously say, "Now, I am about to perform a Christian act." Rather, your understanding of Christianity should be so much a part of your life that it doesn't require a second thought. You just naturally react to a situation in a Christian manner.

*How well are the churches equipping lay people to witness?*

*Clare:* There are few areas in the church where less has been done than in this area of equipping people for witnessing. As a conference lay leader, I visit a great many churches. I sit through the service, meet the people, talk with the pastor. After a while you know almost without asking whether or not there are people in that church who are dedicated to witnessing. It shows in the little, hard-to-define things.

In churches dedicated to witnessing, you find small cells for Bible study or mutual help, active groups of people who meet for prayer and meditation, organizations of people who voluntarily make house calls. You find businessmen who are known in their communities for their honorable dealings. To the extent that a local church is developing a sense of personal dedication within the individual through these small groups, probably a greater contribution is being made than in any other way in the church.

*Walter:* In small churches such as mine, where restricted finances preclude a large staff of professionally



trained leaders, the need for lay witnessing is so obvious that it brings a response. We now are in transition toward racial integration. There are some who stand on the sidelines to see what others will do. There are others who see in the circumstance an opportunity to witness for Christ by welcoming a person of another race into a Sunday-school class, for instance, instead of simply permitting him to sit and be ignored.

As an indication of how our church has responded to the apparent need for clear and dedicated lay witnessing, we have nine members who have qualified as certified lay speakers. They have proved that time spent in earnest preparation results in much more effective lay witness.

*Claire:* I know of a fascinating experiment in a church in the West where, every Sunday after the service, there is a coffee break when the young people get together with the pastor to take his sermon apart. Sometimes they say, "Now if we interpret what you say the way it sounded, it doesn't make any sense to us." For half an hour or more they have at it back and forth, hot and heavy. The preacher makes it his business to make challenging proposals about places for laymen to witness. It's having a terrific impact on that congregation.

*Dave:* The church serves as a recharging station. It furnishes the framework by which you worship together. Ultimately, Christianity is concern for people. The church is people—somebody other than your immediate family—who care for you and who care what happens to you. We give each other the opportunity to have somebody to care for. This is the *koinonia* of the New Testament. When we have this kind of fellowship together, then we do care about each other. This is one of the best things about the church, and it gives us the strength to witness.

*Now let's turn outside the church community. What are the opportunities for witnessing in your work life and in your personal life?*

*Walter:* One of the dangers in any business situation is forcing something, rather than letting it come naturally. This can be more offensive and less effective than any other method. On the other hand, we need not back away from a situation that we know represents an opportunity. We should take advantage of it and bring into the situation the Christian ethic.

I had a certain salesman calling on me who is a Christian of another denomination. Suddenly I found myself discussing religion with him, particularly how it affects businessmen. The Christian pushes his witness only to the point where he is beginning to feel resistance from the other man and knows that pushing any more may defeat his purpose. He should recognize the point at which the other man's concern or problem is met. This man helped me to see that what I have to do, not only with him but also with everyone who comes in, is bring to the other person what I conceive to be my Christian concern for him.

*Bill:* One opportunity I have is to counsel with

employees regarding personal problems. It is not always easy, because they represent labor and I represent management. Yet one of the best opportunities for witness with fellow employees is simply listening. Often we are inclined to preach or try to put across our point of view, instead of giving a man an opportunity to express his. Sometimes a man can see a solution to his problems just by talking about them. Being a good listener is a very significant contribution.

One man I know has had quite a problem with alcoholism, and it affects his work. There are times when he does not even go home more than two or three days a week. Several times I invited him to come into the office, explaining that I thought he had a problem and asking if he cared to talk about it. At first he did not want to admit that he had a problem, but before long he sort of broke down and admitted he did. I finally got him to the place where he was willing to attend an Alcoholics Anonymous meeting. I agreed to go along with him. He still has not solved it entirely, but when he sees me, he realizes that I am concerned. I think it helps him just to know that.

*Dave:* There's always a witness in the way you deal with people, because your way of life always shows. This is the main witness a Christian has, whether it is with someone working in the office as a secretary, or your boss, or the general public. A Christian deals with people as persons and not as things.

*Walter:* In one discussion group here at Purdue, we talked about the Christian way of running a business as it might differ from commonly accepted methods in today's business community. Many times men came up with, "Well, you've got to do this in order to stay in business or in order to get business." So I asked, "Do you know this to be a fact? Have you ever tried to change those business practices that are not compatible with your Christian beliefs? Do you know anyone who tried and whose business failed because he did?" Someone said he had, and that he found it did not harm him. In fact, he said, others accepted and respected what he did.

*Bill:* It strikes me that many Christians are so pious and self-righteous that they refuse to go into situations where they could witness very effectively—for instance, by not going with the crowd at social activities where alcoholic beverages are served. Many times I have tried to avoid these situations because I do not feel comfortable. But when I have had to go, I often find that by not going along with the crowd—especially when it is obvious that I am holding a soft drink—the first thing I know somebody else comes up and wants to talk. This is an unusual opportunity to witness because you can talk to people who are drinking. Quite often they want to let their hair down, talk about things, and maybe you can be of real service.

*Regarding social issues and problems, how can an individual make his witness where it really counts?*

*Dave:* Christianity is not just minute actions. It is based on the attitude and frame of mind that you bring to these actions. When you are talking about social issues, an individual can bring to them only



himself. That is basic. The power a Christian has is the power God releases through him. Alone, he has no power and cannot even control his own destiny.

**Walter:** I think the word "attitude" is the very essence of this question, "How can an individual initiate or influence change?" Until John Wesley stopped doing things in the hope of saving his own soul and began doing things to help other people, he was neither happy nor effective. That is what is required in our part.

**Bill:** As individuals, we need to be as well informed about social issues as we can. Obviously, the more you delve into them, the more you realize that many of the situations are hopeless for one individual to try to handle. You have to pick two or three things and concentrate your effort on them. But I think that if Christians let the Holy Spirit direct them, they will get into the things that they are best equipped to work with.

**Clare:** Social issues, of course, are very much in the news these days. I know many persons who have found satisfaction and a high sense of witness by participating in civil disobedience; but for one who has spent many years in law enforcement, this is not appealing. I defend the right of every Christian to determine the form and pattern of his own witness. I personally am very much like one of our spiritual leaders, who says, "As far as street marching is concerned, I'm chicken." For me to go to any other site and march in a procession would be a meaningless display of interference in my neighbor's affairs, especially since there is so much to be done to improve race relations in my own area. But I would strongly support a layman member of a state legislature who is working to the best of his ability to change the laws of that state so Negroes will be able to register and vote without the interference they have had.

*What should a Christian do about the power structures in his community? Does he let the gangster take over? Does he let just any kind of politician run the community? If not, what can he as an individual Christian do about it?*

**Clare:** The person who takes no part in community affairs and does not raise his voice about bad conditions is voting in favor of whatever happens. There are things each of us can do in his own community. For example, even one man working through his local chamber of commerce and other organizations can have a surprising amount of influence on the quality of law enforcement.

As a local judge for nine years, it was my privilege to close up the largest red-light house between Los Angeles and San Francisco. It was not easy, and there are prices one must expect to pay. But the Christian layman must take part in these things; he has no right not to.

**Walter:** The Rock River Conference has established a new organization called Methodist Youth Services, which is an effort to help boys who have gotten into

trouble with the law but have a background indicating there is a good chance of reestablishing them into normal society. This is a pilot program, but those of us who are involved in it are convinced of its great potential.

**Bill:** One of the most exciting things we are doing in Pittsburgh is in the Bethany House inner-city mission. Methodists have developed a program in which converted hussies are used to conduct church-school classes during the week in housing developments. More people are being reached in this program than are being reached in the largest church in the conference—and these are children the church ordinarily does not reach.

The teachers are volunteer workers, in the main, with some professional direction. They also are going into homes and apartments and conducting evening discussion groups. This is their way of serving and giving people a chance to talk about their personal problems.

**Dave:** I do not think there is any question that a Christian, according to the dictates of his conscience, must join with like-minded people to deal most effectively with the issues in his community. This is how he makes his influence felt—corporately.

Of course, many decisions fall into the gray area, where no answer can be clear-cut, black or white. But we have the responsibility as Christian citizens to search continually for and try to upgrade the level of decisions that we have a choice in making.

A good example is my own town—Phenix City, Alabama—which used to be controlled by gangsters. Then, people were reluctant to speak out. Even the churches were silent concerning the situation. At its worst, a candidate for attorney general was brutally murdered. Eventually, however, the citizens turned the city inside out and cleaned it up. In 1955 the city, which once had been called the nation's "wickedest," received the All-America City award. All along, there were people who wanted to do something—but they were powerless individually. Finally, when the machinery was set up and the National Guard was brought in, church people and other concerned citizens, with their inherent desire for a better community, stepped in as a group. They had been at a loss up until that time to know where and how to start, but now they acted.

**Bill:** I think one of the most important guidelines for Christians is to set aside a time each day, preferably in the morning, for prayer and Bible study and the reading of good devotional literature. If you can start your day this way, you will go into your job better prepared to meet any situation.

**Walter:** The church has spoken officially on many social and personal issues. Now it is time for the laity also to speak out—and to put their Christianity into action in their own lives and communities.

**Clare:** I would close on the same line that I started. Remember that everything you do is a witness. The question is not *whether* you will witness, but what *quality* of witness you will bear in daily living. □





*An interracial development of co-operative homes is served by Sunnyhills Methodist Church and Pastor Thomas W. Hicks.*

*Milpitas, California:*

## An Integrated Suburb

**A**BOVE THE ALTAR is a rude cross made of auto crating strips—but that is perhaps the least unusual part of Sunnyhills Methodist Church in Milpitas, Calif.

Its 116-member congregation is half Negro and half white, and its men's brotherhood has a Jewish vice-president and Catholic members.

Starting in a glider hangar and nurtured in a union hall, the congregation now has a home on land bought from the United Auto Workers. It stands in a development of 460 homes that are divided into four corporations and run by resident-elected boards of directors. It serves in a city that had about 500 residents a decade ago, but which has burgeoned to 19,000.

For most of its history, Milpitas had lain quietly between the marshlands that mark the lower end of San Francisco Bay and, to the east, the bare brown foothills of the Diablo Range. Then Ford, General Motors, Lockheed, and many smaller companies built plants in the Milpitas-San José area, and the Sleepy Hollow atmosphere vanished as thousands of workers streamed in. Among them were Negroes who could not find decent housing.

Milpitas then had no Negroes, recalls the Rev. Thomas W. Hicks, pastor of Sunnyhills Church—and

it was not sure it wanted any. But the United Auto Workers sized up the problems and, aided by the American Friends Service Committee, plowed through the barriers.

The result is an interracial development in which residents are corporation shareholders. The corporation makes one lump sum payment for such things as mortgages and insurance. "It's just like buying tomatoes by the case," says Mr. Hicks, who lives in one of the co-operative homes. "It's cheaper this way." Each householder pays \$79 to \$121 a month.

"I live here because I couldn't find a decent home anywhere else," reports churchman Gilbert Brooks, a University of California graduate who is a digital programmer for Lockheed. "If they didn't live here," Mr. Hicks adds, "many of our people would be in semi-slum housing elsewhere."

In 1958, at about the same time the UAW moved in, three Methodist families spearheaded formation of the Sunnyhills congregation. They met first in the old glider hangar. Then, through the efforts of Ben Gross, a UAW steward, they moved into a union hall, where they worshiped until their church was completed in October, 1963. Mr. Gross, who talked with older residents and softened some of the resistance





Warren Scott, United Auto Workers steward and city councilman, helped start the congregation and arranged for use of the union hall where services were held for five years before the church was built.

an interracial community, became the city's first Negro councilman.

Someone once asked Mr. Hicks, who arrived in 1961 as the church's first full-time pastor, why his church newspaper is filled with community issues. He explained that every member of my church must face these issues," he recalls. "There are problems in Milpitas, but in the Sunnyhills section there is much more unity than in any of the other housing areas." Mr. Hicks firmly believes that the presence of an interracial church with its interdenominational membership group has much to do with that unity.

The Sunnyhills congregation was about 80 percent Negro when Mr. Hicks arrived, but persistent angelizing finally harvested a balance. It did not come without pain, for some whites would not open their doors to Negro callers. Mr. Hicks observes, however, that now the church is fully integrated and is starting to draw members from other sections of Milpitas.

Mrs. Duane Upson reports that "the problems are the same as in all churches—money, personality clashes, and too few people who are really dedicated to taking on the task of the church."

The little congregation is ready to grow even more. "I've had Methodists tell me, 'I'm not ready to be in an interracial situation,'" says Mr. Hicks. "I tell them, 'I'm afraid you won't be living in Milpitas, then. We are an interracial community.'"

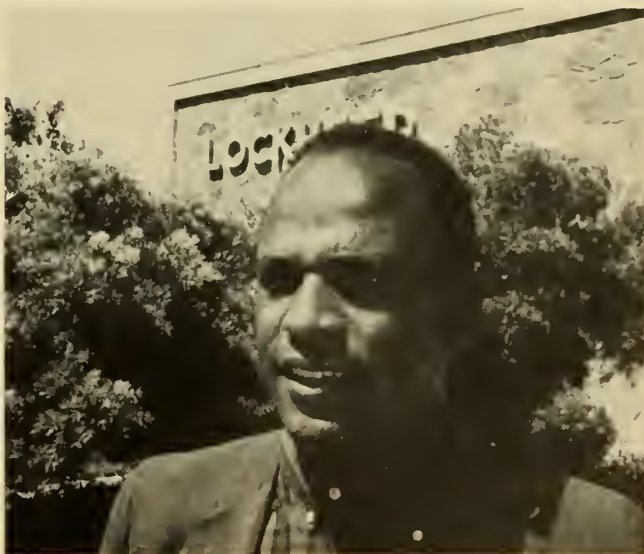
—CAROL M. DOIG



Mrs. Duane Upson, another founding member, is in her sixth year as church-school superintendent. Although he is not a Methodist, her husband is president of the board of trustees.



Warren Scott (above), official-board chairman, stands against the background of Sunnyhills co-operative homes. Gilbert Brooks (below), school-board member, says the church encouraged his community work. He is Christian social concerns chairman.





# Looks at NEW Books

IF I HAD several lives to lead, I would want to be an architect in one of them. So *The Tamed Temple* [page 76] and four new books on church architecture have delighted me.

The books range from a \$1.75 paperback to an impressive \$20 volume on architecture in relation to theology.

The paperback is *Modern Churches of the World* (Dutton, \$1.75), liberally illustrated with photographs, in which Robert Maguire and Keith Murray, both church architects, discuss the liturgical and architectural aspects of outstanding churches built in the last 40 years. Most of the examples are from Europe, and most of the exteriors look depressingly like factories, silos, or the cube-shaped office buildings springing up all over our own landscape. But there is, also, Le Corbusier's Notre Dame du Haut at Ronchamp, France, more like a piece of sculpture than a building, and

Victor A. Lundy's *First Unitarian Church* at Westport, Conn., with its great timber roof sweeping upwards to the sky. And inside of some of the most uncompromising exteriors are sanctuaries that are serene and exciting.

*Architecture and the Church* (Concordia, \$3) is a paperback produced by the Commission on Church Architecture of the Lutheran Church—Missouri Synod to guide building committees. It gets very practical.

The most satisfying book, to me, is G. E. Kidder Smith's *The New Churches of Europe* (Holt Rinehart Winston, \$17.50), which concerns itself with more than 60 of the greatest postwar churches of Europe. Smith is both a major architectural historian and a photographer who can make you feel you are standing in his shoes. His selection represents more varied architectural forms than Maguire and Murray give us.

*Christ and Architecture* (Eerdmans,

\$20), by Donald J. Bruggink and Carl H. Droppers, addresses itself to the problem of relating theology and architecture in the building of Presbyterian and Reformed churches. I was particularly interested in the portions of this book that discuss how pre-Reformation churches were adapted to the needs of Reformed worship.

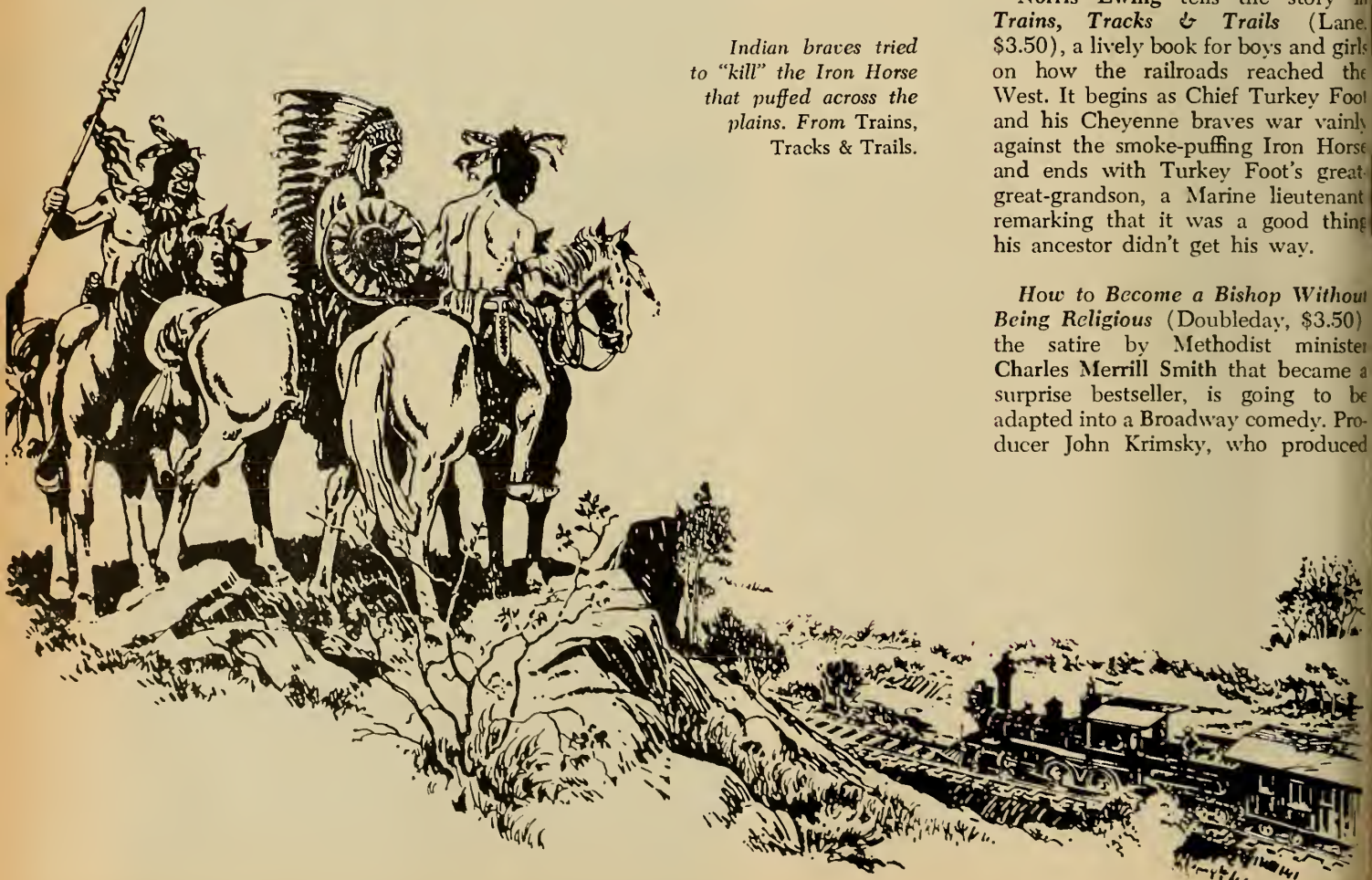
The joining of the Union Pacific and Central Pacific tracks at Promontory Point, Utah, in 1869 united the continent by rail after years of struggle, and it was accompanied by jubilant ceremony. Leland Stanford, governor of California, was supposed to take the first swing at the last spike, and Thomas Durant, the Union Pacific manager, was to finish driving it home.

Stanford swung in a wide curve and missed the spike by a mile. Durant took over, swung just as hard, and came no nearer. The famous last spike had to be driven by men who were not so famous but a lot handier with a sledgehammer.

Norris Ewing tells the story in *Trains, Tracks & Trails* (Lane, \$3.50), a lively book for boys and girls on how the railroads reached the West. It begins as Chief Turkey Foot and his Cheyenne braves war vainly against the smoke-puffing Iron Horse and ends with Turkey Foot's great-grandson, a Marine lieutenant remarking that it was a good thing his ancestor didn't get his way.

*How to Become a Bishop Without Being Religious* (Doubleday, \$3.50) the satire by Methodist minister Charles Merrill Smith that became a surprise bestseller, is going to be adapted into a Broadway comedy. Producer John Krimsky, who produced

Indian braves tried to "kill" the Iron Horse that puffed across the plains. From *Trains, Tracks & Trails*.





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the original *Threepenny Opera* on Broadway, has acquired dramatic rights to the work.

An excerpt from the book in *TOGETHER* [How to Succeed in the Pulpit, May, page 24] brought us some critical letters as well as a like number expressing appreciation for the way Dr. Smith's humor laid bare the posturing even some of the best of us find ourselves doing sometimes. To come up with a play that conveys the sense of responsibility and concern that underlies all of the book will take a lot of doing, but if the producer can pull it off, it should have the same healthy effect the book is having.

It is a humbling experience to read *Journal of a Soul* (McGraw-Hill, \$7.95). Angelo Giuseppe Roncalli began this spiritual diary when he was 14, an eager young seminarian looking for a way to become like the saints. He was to become Pope John XXIII, whose goodness, simplicity, and humor warmed people of all faiths.

His youthful entries mark the sins of us all: "I must think before I speak" . . . "I waste too much time in the kitchen, in idle chatter. I must also learn to control my curiosity about things which are nothing to do with me. I shall also take care not to doze during meditations" . . . "I am really very greedy about fruit" . . . "I am up to my eyebrows in pride: I am scatterbrained, unmannerly, and worthless."

In 1903 he expressed the attitude that was to bring about the Second Vatican Council more than half a century later: "It will always be my principle, in all spheres of religious knowledge and in all theological or biblical questions, to find out first of all the traditional teachings of the church, and on this basis to judge the findings of contemporary scholarship. I do not despise criticism . . . criticism for me is light, is truth, and there is only one truth which is sacred . . . I shall rejoice to see God doing all this in order to make the pure treasure of his revelation more crystal clear and free from dross."

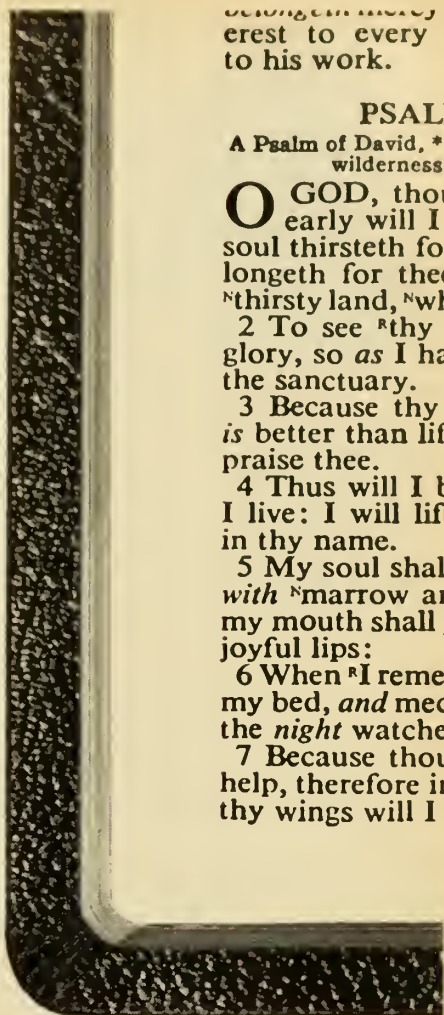
In 1945, as papal representative in France, he was still having trouble holding his tongue: "My ready tongue often betrays me into saying far too much." In 1955, the busy Cardinal Patriarch of Venice, he was "dismayed at the thought of not being able to look into everything, and more thoroughly—not being able to get everything done."

In 1959, the year after he was elected Pope, he wrote: "Now, more than ever, I see myself only as the humble and unworthy 'servant of God and servant of the servants of God.' The whole world is my family. This

enlarge my  
crest to every  
to his work.

**PSALM**  
A Psalm of David, \*  
wilderness

**O** GOD, thou  
early will I  
soul thirsteth for  
longeth for thee  
thirsty land, \*wh  
2 To see thy  
glory, so as I ha  
the sanctuary.  
3 Because thy  
is better than lif  
praise thee.  
4 Thus will I t  
I live: I will lif  
in thy name.  
5 My soul shal  
with marrow an  
my mouth shall  
joyful lips:  
6 When I reme  
my bed, and mec  
the night watche  
7 Because thou  
help, therefore i  
thy wings will I



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sense of belonging to everyone must give character and vigor to my mind, my heart, and my actions." And still he was striving: "My failings and incapacities, and my 'countless sins, offenses and negligences' for which I offer my daily mass, are a cause of constant interior mortification, which prevents me from indulging in any kind of self-glorification but does not weaken my confidence and trust in God."

Letters between Queen Victoria and the Princess Royal, as edited by Roger Fulford, reveal the most regal figure of modern history as a typical mother in her attitude toward her family. The queen wants her *Dearest Child* (Holt Rinehart Winston, \$5.95) to answer her questions! And she gives the most minute advice: for instance, she urges her daughter, who became the mother of Germany's Wilhelm II, to air out the house and get lots of fresh air herself.

The most startling revelation is that Queen Victoria, who had four sons and five daughters, had "no adoration for very little babies" and hated the thought of bearing children because she considered it degrading.

Hector Bolitho sees Queen Victoria's husband as an upright man a good 50 years ahead of his time. His *Albert, Prince Consort* (Bobbs-Merrill, \$5.95) tells about the second son of the ruler of a tiny, third-class European state who was chosen to become "only the husband" of Victoria of England.

Whereas, other historians have portrayed him as a modest man adroitly pulling a few strings, Bolitho shows him as providing the real strength for the queen. He was a mere 20 when he married his cousin, but even as a very young man he vaulted over high hurdles. He became a political pillar of Britain, proved to be a benefactor of business and learning, and was a true friend of the workingman.

The tragedy of Albert's life was that, although he was devoted to their eldest son and daughter, he proved a miserable father to the son, who eventually became King Edward VII.

A measure of the merit of Bolitho's book is that it lets us see rulers as human beings. It also shows the world a century ago as less attractive than it is now.

Meditations which Michael Daves [see *Let Us Break Bread*, page 66] has used during Communion services appear in *Come With Faith* (Abingdon, \$2.75). Developed from modern drama and literature as well as Scripture, they speak of the anxiety that rides man, the tragedy of being possessed by our possessions, the cost of

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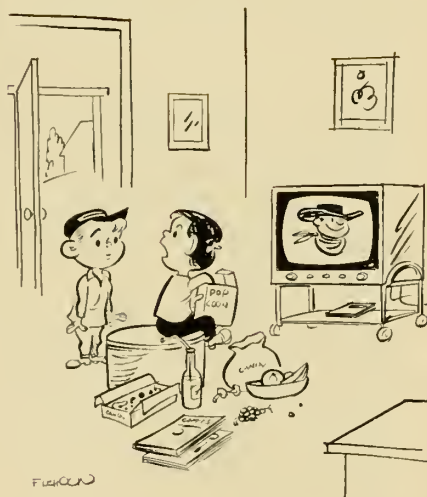
Christian discipleship today when  
martyrs still are made.

The Lord's Supper is not a funeral  
service, he stresses: "We are not  
gathered to remember a dear departed  
leader. We are here to worship a  
Risen Lord . . ."

For *The Treasure Chest* (Harper  
& Row, \$4.95), Editor Charles L.  
Wallis culled 1,064 familiar and in-  
spirational quotations, poems, senti-  
ments, and prayers produced by great  
minds over 2,500 years.

Arranged under such subject head-  
ings as achievement, aspiration, Bible,  
brotherhood, church, courage, creed,  
faith, goodness, immortality, et cetera,  
most of the material is pretty standard.  
However, we do come upon some  
surprises, like Lin Yutang reminding  
us that the wisdom of life consists  
in the elimination of nonessentials;  
Artur Rubinstein observing that "Hap-  
piness can be felt only if you don't  
set conditions"; and Carl Sandburg's  
wonderful line, "A baby is God's  
opinion that life should go on."

The book is like a scrapbook, even  
to the cord that holds the pages be-  
tween the covers. If you already have  
a standard book of quotations, this  
will not add very much to it; but if  
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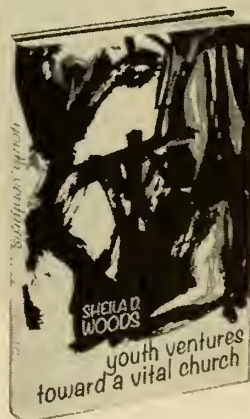
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In comparison to many Europeans, Asians, and Africans who learn two or more languages because they have to, we Americans are woefully provincial in our linguistic ability. Most of us are exposed to no tongue but our own.

We have an advantage, however, that offsets our isolation, and that is in the hybrid heritage of the English language. Teutonic dialects, Norman French, and Latin all have poured words into our vocabulary; and it is this variegated linguistic background that Lancelot Hogben uses to give us a flying start toward the mastery of 12 other languages in *The Mother Tongue* (Norton, \$7.50).

In this unusual book, the British linguist sidesteps conventional teaching methods and gives us clues that set us to tracking down the familiar meanings that lie in words that at first seem unfamiliar. He concludes each chapter with quiz material that holds some of the same fascination so many of us find in crossword puzzles. And when the book is finished, the surprised reader discovers that he has acquired a minimum 150-word vocabulary in Dutch, German, Swedish, Danish, French, Portuguese, Spanish, Italian, Welsh, Cornish, Breton, and Gaelic.

Followers of Perry Mason will recognize a lawyer's method of examining evidence in *Did Jesus Rise From the Dead?* (Zondervan, \$1.95). In this engrossing little book, Albert L. Roper, attorney and dedicated Christian layman, argues the case for the Resurrection.

An opposing lawyer would raise reasonable doubt that the historical biblical evidence proves the Resurrection did happen. But Roper's thoughtful discussion challenges anyone to reject as an "idle tale" this central belief of the Christian faith.

Polly Mark drew on her own experience to write *Tani* (McKay, \$3.75), the story of a little girl who reluctantly left her native longhouse to attend a mission school in Sarawak. Mrs. Mark and her husband both taught in Borneo, first in a remote mission station and then in the school about which she writes.

Written for girls about Tani's age, *Tani* is an absorbing story of a little girl's encounter with a totally new way of life and how she adjusted to it.

—BARNABAS

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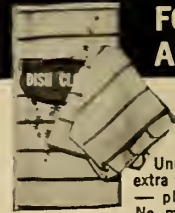
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# Browsing in Fiction

With GERALD KENNEDY

BISHOP, LOS ANGELES AREA

ONE OF THE hot issues these days what to do about pornography. Certain legislators ride into the fray their white chargers proclaiming that we must save our young people from improper reading. They propose all kinds of laws as methods to deal with the problem. But actually it is never as simple as they see it.

One thing that bothers me is the kind of person who is anxious to establish a strict censorship law. Hardly ever is he famous for championing general issues or fighting for the freedom and dignity of the individual. More likely, you will find him back the forces pressing for the investigation of everybody at the drop of a hat. This ought to make us mighty suspicious.

Another problem: Who is going to do the censoring? If you will give me the power to tell you what you ought to read and what you ought not to read, I will accept it and, of course, the job will be done properly. But if I want me to give you the same power, I am hesitant and unsure. I think from the very idea of anybody giving the authority to tell me what to read, what I can think, and what movie I may attend.

Once the principle of censorship has been established, how shall we expect when the wrong people get the power to censor, and some new Comstock comes along to be the arbiter of literary taste? Worse than that, what will we do if a "Hitler" gets power and decides that some things are not right for the people to read or hear? Once you have adopted censorship, there are terrifying possibilities. Obviously our laws must draw a line somewhere. There is hard-core filth that no decent society can allow to be distributed. But the line must be drawn by the courts and the law and not by some man or some group, self-appointed or elected. In any case, there must be a very wide latitude, and we cannot depend upon this primarily for reading guidance.

Finally, we must take responsibility as parents, teachers, and preachers to establish good taste and the desire for the best. There will always be people

who write bad words on the back of the barn, but they will never get very far so long as we recognize them for what they are. The freedom to read without interference is a basic right which we must not deny. There is something about censorship which in itself is evil and nearly always creates more problems than it solves. At least, that is the way it seems to me and I feel better for having said it. Now we may look at some novels.

You may remember Patrick Dennis' *Auntie Mame* either in its book form or in the movie. There can be no question that this man has a wonderful sense of humor, though somewhat unbridled. If you read that book, you will know what to expect in **THE JOYOUS SEASON** by Patrick Dennis (*Harcourt, Brace, World, \$4.75*).

There is the same zany action and the same delightful disregard for conventions and stuffy people. This time he has written about a precocious youngster who, along with his little sister, is caught in the midst of a divorce proceeding. Dennis views the whole affair from the standpoint of the little boy. Some of his observations will make you laugh and some of them will make you weep. For in this strange world of sophisticated living in New York City, the youngster finds himself trying to understand what is causing the breakup of his home and the destruction of his security. With a child's integrity and honesty, he describes all the characters in the plot with an insight that is sometimes almost too sophisticated to believe and at other times so sincere and uncontrived that we see new truth.

I enjoyed this book very much. I have no doubt that some who read it will call for the censor. Take it not as a moral tract but as a picture of contemporary life with its tragedy in the midst of prosperity. However you may react to it, you will find it moves swiftly and entertainingly. Surely, it will give you some laughs.

Let us look now at **GOD BLESS YOU, MR. ROSEWATER** by Kurt

Vonnegut, Jr. (*Holt Rinehart Winston, \$4.95*). This is a satirical look at foundations. Its subtle humor and criticism will mean more to people on the inside of these American institutions than to us on the outside. It is a modern phenomenon that so many great fortunes have been put into foundations and dedicated to doing good. They have been the subject of criticism for being un-American, subversive tax-dodgers.

Personally, I have felt that some of these enterprises, such as those set up by the Rockefellers and the Fords, represent free enterprise and capitalism at their best. How many wonderful things have been done by these fortunes. Often they have done exploratory work and made studies which were impossible for government agencies. On the other hand, in all probability, they have taken on foolish projects and spent money that benefited the freeloaders. My guess is that they would be the first ones to admit this, and tell us that this is the price that has to be paid by anyone trying to help mankind.

Anyway, this book has a good deal of fun with a rich man of a good family who simply wants to do good for people. It did not quite live up to its advance notices, but this may be a purely personal reaction.

**WHAT BECAME OF GUNNER ASCH?** by Hans Helmut Kirst (*Harper & Row, \$4.95*) is a book coming out of postwar Germany and its military establishment. Kirst wrote an earlier book about Gunner Asch in the German army, before, and now we find him the proprietor of a hotel in a military town, dealing with the officers and men of the German peacetime army.

We tend always to think of the enemy as inhuman, errorless, and the incarnation of mechanical efficiency. Actually, people are not very much different from one another and this book could be written about some of the foibles and weaknesses to be found in the American military force. It is good that such books are beginning to trickle out of Soviet Russia.

Kirst's novel shows the Wehrmacht is made up of human beings with their jealousies, their nobilities, their cowardice, and their heroism. There is nothing earthshaking in the story or its implication. It is just a good yarn about men in uniform who are about the same as men in business suits. How could such people have become Nazis and administrators of death camps?

Being a preacher, I must draw a moral. None of us is very far from the jungle on the one hand, and probably we are closer than we think to the Kingdom on the other hand. And with this I leave you. □



# LET US BREAK BREAD

BY MICHAEL DAVES

Pastor, First Methodist Church  
Holliday, Texas

IN JOHN Steinbeck's play novelette *Burning Bright*, Joe Saul longed for a baby. He was middle-aged and haunted by the fear of dying without insuring continuance of his line. When his second wife—young, beautiful, and devoted—announced she was pregnant, he became ecstatic. He laughed, danced, and orated. He became a one-man celebration.

Then he confided to a close friend, "I want to bring a present to her—some preciousness, some new beautiful thing to delight her, so that her eyes will dance, and she will say, 'Who would have thought that I would have a beauty like this!' Something like a ceremony, something like a golden sacrament, some pearl like a prayer or a red flaring ruby of thanks. Some hard, tangible humility of mine that she can hold in the palm of her hand or wear dangling from a ribbon at her throat. That's a compulsion on me . . . I must get this thing. My joy requires a symbol."<sup>1</sup>

So with Christian worship.

## *Our Gift of Worship*

Christians, surprised by God's goodness in Jesus Christ, are filled with joy, and that joy requires a symbol. Worship most adequately symbolizes the joy of the Christian because in worship we are called to give the only acceptable gift to God: ourselves.

Every element of worship—not only the giving of material gifts—represents giving. When we confess our sins before God, admitting that we are people of unclean lips who dwell in a land of a people of unclean lips, we make an offering. We are offering to God our guilt and failures and inadequacies. We admit that we are imperfect creatures standing before the holy God. When we praise God through hymns, psalter, and doxologies, we make an offering. And when the Scripture is read and the sermon preached, this is no less an offering to God than all the rest.

Worship as offering is best seen in the Eucharist—the Communion service. If we trace the history of the Eucharist to the first century, we discover that it was closely associated with sacrifice. The participants were

called offerers instead of communicants. Early rules directed Christians to bring bread and wine with them to the service as part of their liturgy, or public worship. In turn, deacons presented this lay offering on the altar as part of their liturgy. Elements of the field were consecrated by the priest and distributed, having assumed a new meaning.

This sacrificial association has remained through the centuries of Christian worship. In the Western church, the offering of money at the Eucharist replaced the lay offering of bread and wine, although this custom is coming back into use. In the Eastern Orthodox Church, presenting the elements is still one of the chief acts of the service.

In worship, what we offer—prayers, hymns, Scripture, sermon, money, bread, wine—are meaningless in themselves. They receive their significance only from what they symbolize. A parallel is the wedding ring, insignificant in itself, but which receives its meaning from the self-offering of man and woman to one another in holy matrimony.

## *What Is Acceptable*

There is only one criterion for authentic worship: worship is authentic (acceptable to God) when the participants offer themselves in obedience. Material gifts and our liturgy should be seen as extensions of our personalities. "There you are upon the table," said St. Augustine to his newly confirmed communicants when they made their offering of bread and wine, "there you are in the chalice." Augustine could have continued, "There you are in the Scripture lessons; there you are in the prayers; there you are in the sermon; there you are in the offering plate."

God wants only the person. We cannot offer any *thing* in place of the self. God is personal, and the gift of the personal is all that satisfies him. The self is the supreme gift, and the only one capable of representing our affirmation of God's ultimate worth. If we lay a bare gift upon the altar while holding back ourselves, it is an unacceptable sham.

Those ancient words of the Communion ritual express what should happen at every worship service:

<sup>1</sup> From *Burning Bright* by John Steinbeck. Copyright 1950 by John Steinbeck. Reprinted by permission of the Viking Press, Inc.—Editors





*"I hate, I despise your feasts,  
and I take no delight in your solemn  
assemblies.*

*Even though you offer me your burnt  
offerings and cereal offerings,  
I will not accept them,  
and the peace offerings of your fatted  
beasts*

*I will not look upon.  
Take away from me the noise of your  
songs;  
to the melody of your harps I will not  
listen.*

*But let justice roll down like waters,  
and righteousness like an everflowing  
stream."*

The same word of judgment is addressed to inauthentic Christian worship today. Worship is blasphemy unless we offer ourselves in our total relationships to God. In response to God, we are called to take up a towel and wash the dirty feet of the world.

The church gathers itself unto her Lord only for the purpose of being scattered by him. "Come unto me" and "Go into all the world" are both necessary to the rhythm of Christian living. Service in the world ratifies our service in the sanctuary. Actually, sanctuary worship serves to proclaim: "This is the kind of people we are (or pray to be) in the world. This is the way we understand ourselves in the light of God's revelation of himself in Jesus Christ."

#### *Worship and Witness*

Shall we conclude that worship in the sanctuary is unimportant, since it is validated by our witness in the world? Is this to say, with the man on the street, "It doesn't make any difference whether you go to church; it's the way you live that counts."

God forbid! Worship at stated times as the corporate Christian community profoundly affects our lives in the world. We have short memories. We need constantly to be reminded of who we are, how we came to be God's people, and what God calls us to do. Again and again, worship reminds us that God has claimed us for himself, that we have failed to accept this responsibility, and that we stand in need of his love and forgiveness.

Jesus Christ is the pattern of our self-giving. The theologian Karl Barth calls Christ "the hinge of history." He is also the hinge of Christian worship, revealing to us what it means to offer the self totally and completely to God. The Apostle Paul described the life and ministry of Jesus: "... though he was in the form of God, [he] did not count equality with God a thing to be grasped, but emptied himself, taking the form of a servant, being born in the likeness of men. And being found in human form he humbled himself and became obedient unto death, even death on a cross" (Philippians 2:6-8).

Jesus' life was lived under the cross of self-giving. His total witness was a surrender to the divine will. Jesus as the Christ reveals what it means to love God and to make to him an offering of the self. □

And here we offer and present unto thee, O Lord, ourselves, our souls and bodies, to be a reasonable, holy, and living sacrifice unto thee . . ."

God demands nothing more—and nothing less—than the whole person, body and soul. He has a claim on us. "It is he who has made us, and not ourselves," wrote a psalmist. God is our creator, redeemer, and sustainer. He is the one with whom we have to do, depending as we do on his grace. The sinful man ignores God's claim on himself and so offers his most precious gift of self to lesser gods—sex, status, materialism, security. In short, he becomes an idolater, a worshiper at pagan altars.

Seeking to substitute things for the gift of self was the basic problem of Hebrew worship at the time of Amos, in the eighth century, B.C. Injustice went unchallenged by a religion which had forgotten its covenant obligations and had deteriorated into a dead form. Most worshipers believed that as long as they made regular sacrifices in the Temple, they could escape seeking God's will in their daily relationships. Amos announced God's judgment on their empty worship (Chapter 5, verses 21-24):

*Illustration reprinted from motive by permission.—Eos.*



# Teens Together

By RICHMOND BARBOUR

DO YOU take part in church activities? I hope so. You are missing something very important if not. I would like to mention just three great benefits for teen-agers in church participation.

First and most important is your relationship to God. If you do not work at your religion, you lose it. When you serve God through your church, you gain strength and serenity. You realize that you are not alone. You know that God is with you and that you can turn to him for help and guidance.

The second benefit is the opportunity our church provides for you to be forgiven when you make serious mistakes. Every teen-ager finds himself or herself doing wrong things occasionally. Maybe you are impulsive. You are tempted rather easily. Through your church, you can find the way to forgiveness and redemption. You can come to feel clean again. You do not have to live forever with guilt and fear as some nonchurch young people often do.

Then there are the social benefits. If you are active in church, you are sure to have friends. You meet other

nice kids. You go around with a group which has high ideals and tries to live up to them. You can have the fun all teen-agers need, the kind that makes you a better person.

I have a request to make. If you do not already participate in church, will you go to see your minister? Ask him where your help is needed. Then pitch in at the jobs he suggests—in church, home, school, or at play. You will never regret it, I promise.

QA

*I am a boy, 19. I live with my widowed mother. I graduated from high school two years ago and have not been able to find a decent job. I want to join the Air Force. My mother cries every time I mention it. She says I am all she has. She begs me not to leave her. How can I get her to understand that I cannot be tied to her apron strings forever?—R.G.* Please try to see the world through your mother's eyes. She loves you. She has lived for you alone. You have given meaning to her life. She has

QA

*Some of the athletes at my high school smoke. I feel like a sissy because I don't. My father has told me that smoking undermines health. Is my father wrong?—M.R.* Your father is right. Ask your science teacher for the facts. He will be glad to give them to you. Probably he also can lend you some pamphlets to read. On the average, heavy cigarette smokers shorten their lives by from 8 to 10 years. Tobacco greatly increases the likelihood of lung cancer, emphysema, heart trouble, hypertension, and strokes. Please, do not ever start.

QA

*I am 19; my girl is 15. We want to get married. Our parents will not consent. Last month we ran away. We broke into a cabin in the mountains and spent a night together. The next day we drove across the state line and tried to get a wedding license. The clerk would not issue one. We returned home. My girl wants to get pregnant. She thinks that then our folks will let us marry. However, I'm afraid of that. Could I be sent to jail if she had a baby?—G.B.* I'm sorry for what happened. You could be jailed right now for either a state or a federal offense. Do not do what she suggests. She is much too young to marry. Neither one of you is ready



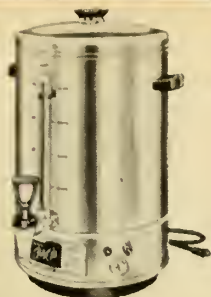
Cartoon by Charles M. Schulz. © 1964 by Warner Press, Inc.

"I'm sorry, but I wasn't able to study the lesson for this Sunday. The zipper on my Bible is stuck!"



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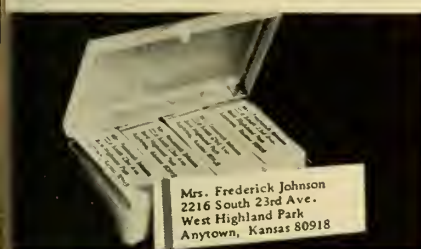


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mother what happened. She should  
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life of a wholesome teen-ager.



*I'm worried about my mother. She  
cries for days at a time. My father  
owns a hardware store and makes  
good money, but Mama really believes  
we are too poor to buy clothes. Lately  
she has been talking about suicide.  
Daddy says that the fact she talks  
about it is proof she will not try it.  
Is he right? What can I do?—P.S.  
I'm sorry, but your father is not right.  
Many people who kill themselves dis-  
cuss it in advance. Your mother needs  
help from a psychiatrist. Ask your  
father to get your family doctor to  
refer you to one. Then your father  
should take your mother to him right  
away.*



*I am 17 and have made a terrible  
mistake. I dated a man of 27. Now I  
am pregnant. The man is unwilling to  
marry me. I do not want to marry  
him, either. I'm not in love with him  
any longer. However, my mother  
wants to force us to get married. I  
know you have helped other girls in  
this fix. What do you think I should  
do?—B.M. I have mailed you the  
address of a Salvation Army hospital-  
home for unwed mothers in your  
city. I suggest you phone for an ap-  
pointment with a case worker there.  
Have your mother go with you. Ask  
for help in coming to a wise decision  
together. Every situation is different.  
I cannot tell you what to do. All I can  
do is report that usually things work  
out best when the babies are placed  
for adoption and their young mothers  
return to their families to pick up  
their lives as teen-agers again. Forced  
marriages often end in tragic malad-  
justments.*



*I have been reared in the Presby-  
terian Church. My girl friend invited  
me to a MYF meeting. I liked it a lot  
and the next Sunday I went to the  
Methodist church. The sermon was  
very inspiring. When I got home and  
told my folks I wanted to become a*

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*Bishop Nall Answers  
Questions About*

# Your Faith and Your Church

**What is the religious meaning of 'celebration'?** When we have a religious experience, we respond to God by lifting up the reality we discover about him and by enjoying him. The old catechisms had it right when they said that the chief aim of man is to glorify God. Man's very existence is a form of praise of God.

So, celebration (praise) involves play (without thought of the future), reverie (mental play or undirected activity of the mind), affection (appreciation of personal relationship through love and enjoyment), and worship.

This last has an ethical side, for it is directed toward improvement of self and society. (Without such it could be mere idolatry.) But the first principle of worship is the joyful adoration of the Father of us all.

**Who was the first pope?** The title is not used officially by Roman Catholics, but tradition is that the office it represents goes back to Peter as the first bishop of Roman Christians. Only gradually did the Roman bishop acquire priority and authority in matters of doctrine and discipline. (The idea of his speaking infallibly on such matters dates only from 1870.)

Pope Gregory the Great (590-604) called himself "servant of the servants of God," and this title persists in the Pope's signature to papal bulls or decrees.

**What is 'comity'?** Because Christians are expected to help one another, to build each other up and not tear down, many Protestant denominations work together in founding new churches in new communities. They keep each other informed as they stake out virgin territory in which congregations are to be recruited. They spot church locations so that there will be no interference with older, established congregations. They agree on allocations of living and growing space, usually through committees on comity.

As Martin E. Marty says in *Church Unity and Church Mission*, churches work together "not by mere agreement over ground rules and etiquette but out of their heart of hearts, and out of a profound and yet instinctive decision in the back of the Christian mind."

After comity comes a next step: a forward-looking and forward-going program of united evangelism.

*"Every sermon worth preaching," Bishop Nall thinks after five years in charge of the Minnesota Area, "deserves a question period. People learn and grow when they ask questions."*

*Methodist, they hit the roof. Dr. Barbour, don't you think at 18 I am old enough to decide on my religion for myself? Do parents have the right to force their denomination on their children?—V.E.* Parents have an obligation to take their younger children to Sunday school and to see that they attend other appropriate church affairs. However, when sons and daughters reach 18, they are capable of making their own decisions. The Presbyterian Church is a fine church with many wonderful leaders and members. But if you feel you should leave it to join The Methodist Church, you should be permitted to do so. The same principle would apply to Methodist young people who want to become Presbyterians. Each person should have the freedom to choose his church.

oa

*My parents disagree about something important. I'm a girl, 13, with dark hair. My mother tells me to shave the hair on my legs. My father says that I should not cut it off. All my friends shave their legs. Mama finally got Daddy to agree on whatever you tell me to do, Dr. Barbour. Do you think I should shave my legs?—J.J.* I see nothing wrong with the practice. If the decision is really up to me, I'd say to go ahead.

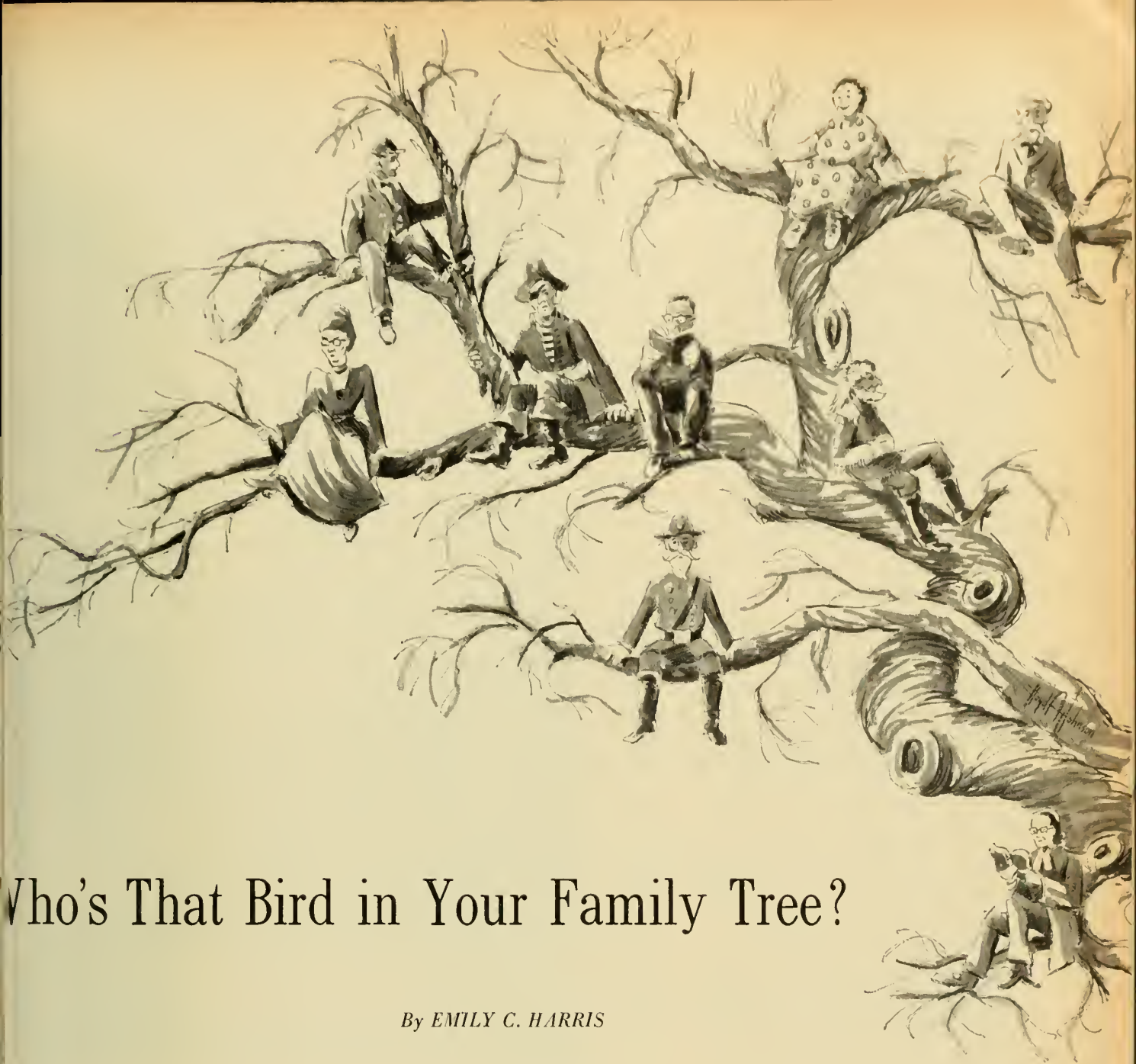
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*I am a girl of 14. I have two sisters whom I love and a brother, 11, whom I hate. He teases me about my boy-friends. He makes up crazy songs which embarrass me. I would like to clobber him, but my parents say I must not. Will he ever improve?—L.R.* Try to be patient with him. Eleven is often a pesty age. Your brother cannot understand why you behave as you do. Probably he feels inferior and resentful when he is around you. He tries to cover his feeling by embarrassing you. When he gets a little older, he will begin to understand you. Then your relationship will improve.

*The teen-age years are confusing ones and you may be searching for answers to many difficult questions. Share your uncertainties with our Dr. Barbour, c/o TOGETHER, Box 423, Park Ridge, 60068.—EDITORS*







# Who's That Bird in Your Family Tree?

By EMILY C. HARRIS

EVER SINCE Adam began beating the forest of family trees, the forest of family trees has continued to sprout. Nearly everyone pauses at some time to wonder about his own ancestors—doctor, lawyer, pirate, or horse thief who played a fractional part in his physical creation. Some never get beyond the point of wondering; others pursue their fathers through years of painstaking research. For the amateur as well as the professional, exploring the field of genealogy can be an exciting, rewarding, and sometimes frustrating adventure. Long before I became interested in genealogical research as a hobby,

I loved to hear stories about the grandparents I never knew—bald Grandpa Miller, who lost one eye from the kick of a thoroughbred stallion; frail little Grandma Miller, who kept a gun handy in her kitchen as protection against marauding Indians; Bible-loving Grandpa Callaway, whose father was a grandson of Daniel Boone—these were the characters who delighted me far more than Alice in Wonderland or the Bobbsey twins. By the time I was grown, I had written down every scrap of information I could glean from the memory of family elders. Unknowingly, I had taken the first basic

step in pursuing genealogical research. For the beginning genealogist, one of the most rewarding experiences is often contact with relatives who may be scattered throughout the world. “Do you remember Aunt Agatha’s maiden name, or where Uncle Horace was born?” seldom fails to bring unexpected dividends in the rediscovery of family ties and mutual interests. For not until even the eldest and most patient of relatives begins to shake his head and confess that “I just can’t remember” is it time to turn to the many other sources available. At the National Archives in



Washington, behind the same heavy doors which protect the Declaration of Independence and the U.S. Constitution, lie the myriad files and records of your own ancestors' dealings with a younger—but equally meticulous—Uncle Sam. On a single rainy Saturday morning there, I viewed the microfilm records of one great-grandfather's Confederate service, and tracked down the Secret Service payment vouchers which proved another's activities as a Union spy!

Living in a genealogist's paradise, within commuting distance of the National Archives and the Library of Congress, I've had the thrill of doing firsthand research. But what about the barber in Cedar Rapids who would like to see his grandfather's Civil War records, or the housewife in San Diego who wants to prove her connection with Alexander Hamilton?

FOR the price of postage and a few minutes time, anyone can assemble his own do-it-yourself genealogy kit. A routine inquiry addressed to the National Archives, Washington, D.C., will yield two important brochures—one describing the genealogical sources in the National Archives and how photostatic copies of these records may be obtained, and another describing various sources of genealogical information outside the Archives.

A similar request addressed to the Library of Congress, Washington, D.C., will bring a printed bibliography of guides to genealogical research. One of the most helpful and amusing of these how-to-do-it reference books, *Searching for Your Ancestors* by Gilbert H. Doane, is available in many public libraries. With this basic

material, the average person will soon discover enough leads to launch a first-class ancestor hunt.

As soon as you begin to make the first hopeful inquiries, you will find that your search may lead in many different directions. Let anyone who dislikes writing letters stop before he begins! But new and interesting friendships spring up through correspondence, often unexpectedly. Once, after reading a fascinating book by a professor of history at Yale University, I timidly wrote to ask some questions about his studies of the decade preceding the Civil War. His cordial reply led to more correspondence, in which he provided information of great value to me. I, in turn, was able to supply original research from family records which helped to illuminate his own study.

Family records of any kind—Bibles, letters, legal documents, scrapbooks, and diaries—are often the most valuable and interesting tools of the genealogist. Despite the flurry of spring cleaning each year, there is usually one string-saver (bless her!) in every family who just cannot bear to throw away the accumulated debris of past generations.

One of my most prized possessions is the tiniest of diaries, faithfully kept by my grandmother, in which she recorded everything from day-to-day expenses to her delight at Jenny Lind's Kansas City concert. Another is a small manuscript which my great-aunt cryptically called a "confession" and jealously guarded throughout her lifetime. Some years after her death it was sent to me, unopened, because of my interest in family history.

It was, indeed, a confession, and one which occasioned some rather scandalous revision of the family

tree. Yet the genealogist cannot afford to be fainthearted, for names and dates make up only the skeleton of the family tree—the bare branches from which a hundred tales, both good and bad, hang like leaves waiting to unfold.

Surely there has never been a more painless way to study American history than to pursue your own forefathers through the adventurous times in which they lived. It is here that the genealogist becomes a supersleuth, weaving the fabric of a lifetime from the slender clues of census records, pension files, newspaper archives, church records, immigration lists, and similar sources.

I HAVE relived the siege of Boonesboro, Ky., in 1778, to find Col. Richard Calloway with the wooden cannon he devised to frighten the Indians; I have learned about the hardships of the non-slaveholding Quaker communities in early Virginia to discover why a particular family migrated to Ohio. I have pored over the campaigns of the Mexican War to follow a soldier who fought with the 1st Ohio Volunteer Infantry; I have read the collected sermons of a circuit-riding Methodist preacher who long ago married my great-grandmother; and I have researched the terrible Reconstruction era in Texas to learn more about a controversial U.S. deputy marshal.

In each case, my primary interest was in a particular person, and only later did I realize that I had absorbed a healthy dose of history in the process.

I am only a hobbyist at genealogical research, and some of my haphazard methods would be the despair of the trained genealogist. There are moments of discovery when I feel as brilliant as Sherlock Holmes, and moments of failure when I wish wholeheartedly that I'd never heard the word "ancestor."

"What does it matter, anyway?" friends sometimes ask. I have yet to find a suitable reply. I only know that the study of genealogy is a pastime as old as history itself. Perhaps some of the first real experts might have been able to explain it better. I wonder if anyone ever asked that question of them. What might they have replied—those men like Matthew and Luke? □

## Silent Secret

*His thoughts are slow, his words are few;*

*He doesn't jell or glisten.*

*He has a multitude of friends.*

*You should hear him listen.*

—Russell Newbold





*"Our job . . . is to elevate the ideals of the young people we know and have the privilege of contacting," says Frank Broyles (left) whose tough Arkansas team took top national honors in 1964.*

# He Coaches the

# RAZOR BACKS

By JAMES C. HEFLEY

THE MIGHTY Texas Longhorns, rated No. 1 in the nation, were tied 7-7 with the upstart Arkansas Razorbacks early in the fourth quarter. Arkansas had scored first on an 81-yard run by punt-return specialist Ken Hatfield and was leading 14-7 when Ernie Koy, the Longhorns' magnificent running back, hammered across the goal line.

The score, with less than two minutes to play: Arkansas 14, Texas 13.

The partisan crowd of 65,700 in Austin that October night last year

was about to witness one of the most dramatic and decisive plays of the 1964 football season. Would Texas go for two points by running or passing—or settle for a place kick and an almost certain tie?

Red-haired Frank Broyles, shirt-tail out and tie askew, calculated the Texas move from the sidelines when he saw Hix Green, a Texas pass receiver, go in to replace Koy. Apparently Texas coach Darrell Royal had two extra points in mind.

The Arkansas coach directed his Razorbacks into a version of their famed "monster man" defense play.

The "monster man," fullback Charlie Daniels, flared out to cover the receivers. When Longhorn quarterback Marv Kristynik passed, "monster man" Daniels was there to cover. The pass fell inches short, and the game ended with the Razorbacks edging the nation's No. 1 team, 14-13.

Texas went on to end the season without another defeat, and upset Alabama in the Orange Bowl. Arkansas won 11 games, lost none, and scored 99 points to 0 for opponents in the last five regularly scheduled games. The Razorbacks



then defeated Nebraska in the Cotton Bowl game on New Year's Day.

There are good, sound reasons for this, Coach Frank Broyles hastens to add—namely the assorted talents of the young men who appear for him at various times on the gridiron. A Razorback team, win or lose, always seems to bear the stamp of the personable Georgian who has coached Arkansas since 1958. To quote *Sports Illustrated* after the Texas game:

"Arkansas' players are lean, fiery types who bounce up after each play, spring from the huddle, and pursue ballcarriers in such numbers that it appears whole fraternities have climbed out of the stands."

In this manner, the Razorbacks since 1958 have won or shared four championship titles in the rugged, unpredictable Southwest Conference, have competed in five major bowl games against nationally ranked teams, and have produced five All-American players.

To climax all this, Frank Broyles was named 1964 co-Coach-of-the-Year with Notre Dame's Ara Parseghian, while the Football Writers Association and *Look* magazine were handing the Razorbacks the Grantland Rice Trophy, emblematic of their rank as 1964 national football champions.

Now this is all in the past. But again this year, Frank Broyles will be on the sidelines, shirttail out and tie askew, at another Texas game to be nationally televised from Little Rock on October 16.

That will be on a Saturday, and Frank Broyles will be back in church Sunday morning—win, lose, or draw.

THE man who has turned things upside down in the Southwest Conference is described by his first assistant, Jim Mackenzie, as "a real Christian gentleman and one of the smartest men in football today—an original thinker who keeps coming up with new football ideas."

The "monster man," for example, was not Broyles's invention, but he developed it, and it played a key role in giving the Razorbacks their No. 1 national rating.

"It employs a basic five-man line with two linebackers," says Robert Cheyne, Arkansas sports publicity director. "The defensive fullback plays a variable position, depend-

ing on how the offense is deployed or depending on where the ball is in the field.

"The 'monster man' keeps the offense guessing; he may play on the line of scrimmage, fall back a few feet and then crash in, flare out to cover a pass receiver, or do something else. Obviously, he plays a key role.

"For 'monster man,' we want a fullback who can move, tackle as hard as anyone else on the squad, and is reckless. Frank Broyles can recruit, train, and inspire that type of man."

Members of the Razorbacks' coaching staff may handle details during the week, but at game time on Saturday the big decisions rest squarely on Frank Broyles.

"He can make decisions—bang—like nobody I've ever known," one says. "And what a memory! He'll say to our offensive backfield coach, 'Bill, go get the third quarter of our 1958 game with Baylor. We need that play when we had a pass to Jimmy Collier.' The game is seven years old and he can tell you the quarter and the play."

Discussing his phenomenal record at Arkansas, Frank Broyles is quick to declare that "everything was ready for a successful program when I stepped in," thus giving credit to John Barnhill, former Razorback coach, now athletic director.

It was Barnhill who inaugurated a program that finally lured the best Arkansas high-school players away from out-of-state schools, where so many had gone in the past. He raised the quality of scholarships and improved facilities. He stumped the state, going into every city and hamlet to organize Razorback clubs. Barnhill put Arkansas in big time football; Broyles is keeping it there.

A nonsmoker and a nondrinker, Frank recalls how as a sixth-grader his father spied him smoking a cigarette one day.

"When I was a boy," O. T. Broyles said, "I worked. You play games, and that's okay. But smoking and games don't mix. You can quit smoking or start to work."

Young Frank, who liked sports better than cigarettes, compiled a brilliant four-sport record in high school at Decatur, Ga. Enrolled at Georgia Tech, and in a career split by naval service, he earned 10

varsity letters in three sports. Twice he was named to the All-Conference football squad, and in 1944 was honored as Southeast Conference Player-of-the-Year. He played in three bowl games, setting a major bowl record as quarterback with 17 completed passes for 286 yards in the 1945 Orange Bowl. In basketball, he took second-team All-SEC honors twice, and in baseball was one of the conference's top pitchers.

Three months after graduation in 1947 as an industrial management major, Broyles started coaching on the Baylor staff. He moved to Florida in 1950, joined Bobby Dodd's staff at Georgia Tech in 1951, and jumped to a head-coaching job at Missouri in 1957.

IN January, 1958, he came to the University of Arkansas at Fayetteville, a beautiful Ozark Mountain town of about 20,000—and promptly lost six games in a row!

Broyles's colleagues, players, and athletic friends generally agree with the sportswriter who described the coach as "a man with no vices except saving money, raising his family, and coaching." Cheyne says:

"Frank isn't like a lot of men with moral convictions who will take a drink to fit in with the crowd. Frank just won't do it. But he doesn't make an issue of non-drinking."

Questioned about social drinking the coach says simply: "I don't feel that in my profession or in my faith I can compromise on this point."

Nor will he compromise with his players on drinking. At the start of the season, he spells out the rule:

"We will not tolerate a player who indulges in alcoholic beverages during the season. Any member of this team caught drinking beer or a cocktail will be dismissed from the squad. NO EXCEPTIONS!"

Methodist Broyles is frequently cited by ministers and other church leaders as an outstanding example of one man's Christian attitude in life. The *Arkansas Baptist News-Magazine* used his picture on the cover and ran a feature lauding Broyles for his application of "Christianity in the everyday affairs of men."

For several years, Frank has actively carried his Christian principles beyond the Arkansas campus, participating in many programs



sponsored by the nationwide Fellowship of Christian Athletes.

"When I'm at an FCA camp," he says, "and hear outstanding athletes talking about Christlike living, my religion is at its best. I consider FCA an arm of the church."

"Frank is an inspiration to any preacher," says Dr. Harold O. Eggenberger, pastor of Fayetteville's Central Methodist Church, where the coach has served as chairman of the official board and chairman of the pastoral-relations committee. "Though he may get home in the wee hours from a Saturday road trip, he and his family will be in Sunday school and church. He has helped, especially in the every-member visitation, to pledge our church budget. His wife teaches in the church school and is an officer in our Woman's Society of Christian Service. But most important, Frank is known around town and the state as a faithful church member and Christian."

The Broyles home, on a one-acre hill lot overlooking a wooded section of lovely residences, is roomy enough to handle six growing children. This is the domain, too, of tall, dark-haired Barbara Broyles, who recalls that during their courtship "Frank attended the Methodist Sunday school, then married over to the Presbyterian church to attend worship with me."

When Frank played football for Georgia Tech, he knew marriage was frowned on by the coach. He and Barbara had to wait until he finished college. Today, however—perhaps because of this experience—Frank Broyles welcomes married athletes. Arkansas' All-American Lance Alworth, now with the San Diego Chargers, came to Arkansas for precisely this reason.

With twin daughters, 7, and sons 7, 15, 12, and 10, the Broyles home is a beehive of activity. "Trouble," Barbara complains, "bees are settling in our split-cedar shingles and keep stinging the kids."

The two enjoy playing golf together. But about football, Barbara confides:

"I'm not even a good Monday-morning quarterback. Anyway, a football coach has enough people looking over his shoulder. I don't even try to cure him of whooping and hollering on the sidelines with his shirttail hanging out."

At home, she says, "he is usually

first up . . . and when I get up I'll find football doodles and diagramed plays all over the house. Otherwise he brings little of his work home. The exception is his players. He'll talk and worry about them."

Off the playing field, the Razorback coach's duties stretch from university conference tables to the broad areas of public relations across the state. (If Arkansas lacks anything, it isn't for thousands of rabid Razorback rooters who make their blood-curdling "sooooooeeey pig!" heard every fall from Fayetteville to Austin, Texas.) An able recruiter, Broyles makes the banquet circuit, dining with supporters young and old, but he can accept only a fraction of the speaking invitations he receives from all over the country.

Does the Razorback coach think Christianity helps him win ball games? He says his faith has "no bearing whatsoever on a game's outcome." But he adds:

"My faith helps me in my relationship to my players, and that's far more important than winning games. They know what I believe and stand for. They know I won't ask them to sacrifice and do something I'm not doing myself."

**I**N A recent talk at a Fellowship of Christian Athletes breakfast in Chicago, Frank gave his colleagues something to think about.

"I don't feel qualified to speak," he declared. "I've made many mistakes as a coach and as a person trying to represent the One who was perfect. I do apologize to my God over and over; why shouldn't I apologize to you?"

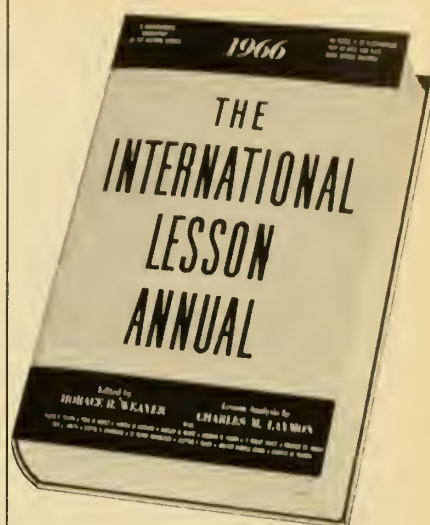
"But I'm here representing the One for whom we never have to apologize. He stands before the world perfect, without flaw or blemish. It is his way that we of the Fellowship of Christian Athletes are trying to follow."

Then Frank zeroed in on a coach's responsibility.

"I feel I have a great responsibility in Arkansas. I want the high-school coaches and the young people to know what I stand for. Our job as coaches is to elevate the ideals of the young people whom we know and have the privilege of contacting everyday."

Those who know Frank Broyles will agree he is doing his part. □

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# Black Cat's HALLOWEEN

By RALPH COLE

BLACK CAT arched his back and looked his most ferocious. "Meow-row-wow!" he screeched.

All the mice in the barn trembled. In fact, the noise was so frightening that all the other farm cats ran away into the night. Black Cat rolled on the floor in glee.

"Call me the spookiest spook that ever went spooking on Halloween," chortled Black Cat. "This is great fun! Now I shall join the children's Halloween party and scare the daylight's out of them."

Black Cat stalked quietly toward the farmhouse. He could hear the children laughing as they bobbed for apples. Padding around the corner of the house, he stopped short—face to face with the most horrible thing he ever had seen!

Black Cat streaked for the barn, dived into the haymow, and buried himself. The mice couldn't believe their eyes—Black Cat afraid!

Squeaky, the bravest mouse, finally lifted the hay a bit and asked Black Cat what had frightened him.

"S-s-something awful," sputtered Black Cat. "On the porch . . . m-m-monstrous head . . . f-f-fiery eyes . . . g-g-glowing mouth . . . and those snaggly teeth! I just escaped with my life."

Squeaky knitted his brows a moment, and suddenly his eyes lit up.

"It does sound terrible," he said sympathetically. "But fear not, Black Cat. I will show you how to destroy this horrible creature. First you must promise never to frighten or bully anyone again—on any night." Black Cat nodded his head until it almost fell off.

"B-b-but, how will you do it?" asked Black Cat.

"I don't know yet," said Squeaky "but you've heard how a tiny mouse once frightened a huge elephant haven't you? Just leave it to me."





Head up, Squeaky marched out of the barn. Black Cat crept along behind.

"If there is one thing we mice have learned," explained Squeaky, "it's that some fears protect us, and those are good. But other kinds of fears keep us from thinking straight, and they're bad. And the last kind is the one you have."

"Yes, yes, yes," babbled Black Cat. Squeaky marched to the corner of the house and peeked around. "C-c-can you see it?" asked Black Cat.

Squeaky nodded. "It has a monstrous head, fiery eyes, a glowing mouth, and snaggly teeth, just like you said." Black Cat shivered. "Nevertheless," continued Squeaky, "I'll destroy it."

"How?" asked Black Cat.

"To get rid of the spooks in our lives," said Squeaky, "sometimes we just have to blow them out." And he crept around the corner, climbed onto the porch, hopped onto the monstrous thing, took a deep breath, and blew into a hole in the top. In twinkling, the frightening grin disappeared.

"Oh, my whiskers!" exclaimed Black Cat. "It's only a pumpkin. How foolish have been."

"How true," agreed Squeaky. "Foolish fears make foolish spooks. And now I hope you will keep your part of the bargain." Black Cat nodded dumbly.

"Ah, what a beautiful Halloween night!" declared Squeaky. "Shall we ring some doorbells together?" □

## HALLOWEEN SCENE

*The weirdest things, folk say, are seen  
One night each year—it's Halloween.  
Before you've time to turn your back,  
A pumpkin turns to toothless Jack.  
The cats, all black, run here and there,  
And ghosts tell secrets on the stair.  
A grinning witch takes lots of room  
In which to ride her ancient broom.  
The air is full of bats and owls;  
From haunted houses come queer howls.  
The spooks go marching, tall and stark,  
And goblins prance in corners dark.  
I do not say all this is true—  
I've never seen a one, have you?*

—ANNIE LAURIE VON TUNGELN

## HALLOWEEN NOISEMAKER

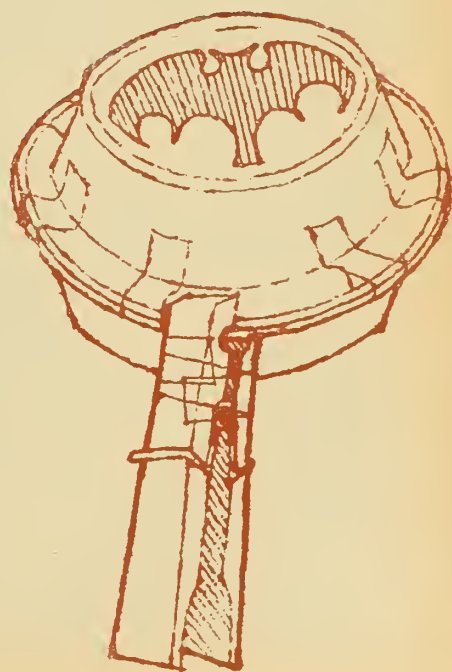
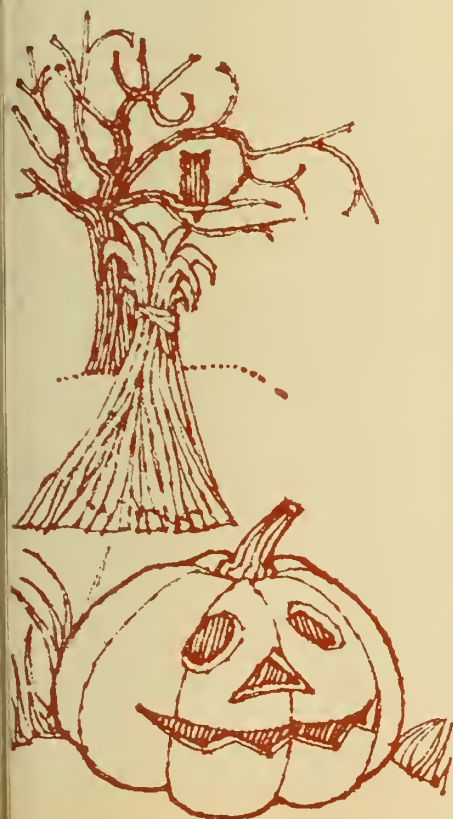
SHAKE UP a little rhythm on Halloween with your own skeleton-bone shaker.

Get two small, individual-size, frozen-food pans made of foil, a spring-type clothespin, some freezer or sticky tape, and 8 or 10 dried beans.

Clip the clothespin to the rim of one pan as a handle. Tape it securely. Place the beans in the pan, and put the other pan on top. Crimp the foil edges tightly around the clothespin and seal again with tape.

If you wish, cut out circles of plain paper the size of the bottoms of the pans. Paint them with orange and black designs, and paste them on the bottoms of the pans for decoration.

—IDA M. PARDUE





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# Letters

## Another Nurse Agrees

EDITH PARISH FOGHT, R.N.  
Union Grove, Wis.

Thanks to Helen Scott Wylie for her article in TOGETHER's August Powwow, *How Long Should Life Be Prolonged?* [page 26]. I wholeheartedly agree with her. Let's hope more doctors may come to feel this way.

Let us live like Christians so we may die like Christians, with songs and rejoicing and dignity.

## Discontinue Interference

EVERETT E. JACKMAN, Pastor  
First Methodist Church  
Geneva, Nebr.

I wish to express my sincere appreciation for the *Powwow* article by Helen Scott Wylie in the August issue, *How Long Should Life Be Prolonged?*

I have been in the ministry more than 40 years and have visited thousands of sick people in dozens of hospitals. So many times I have seen the lives of elderly people, of people suffering excruciating pain, prolonged weeks and even months as they prayed to die. Let us give this situation new thought and let such individuals go to their rest without our continuing interference.

## Suffering: A Test

MRS. HERBERT A. RICHARDSON  
Wyoming, Del.

In response to *How Long Should Life Be Prolonged?*: I am wondering if we sometimes should take a different slant and ask ourselves if God is testing the person who suffers. Do we seldom witness persons who endure great pain and suffering with Christlike humility and trust in God? I think we lose sight of the fact that our principles of religious thinking are being tested. By our testing, we pass along a brave and beautiful spirit to others.

## Needed: Unconventional Ideas

WILLIAM G. RUPP  
Archbold, Ohio

Your August *Viewpoint* has given me some small measure of hope. [See *Are Laymen Princes . . . or Pawns?* page 11.] The overorganized Methodist Church faces the problem of becoming a bore to the coming generation. What with attending numberless board and

committee meetings, the newcomer to the church is soon saturated with "institutional maintenance." The new media of our church are filled with the documentation of accepted reports and unanimous votes in favor of nothing done.

The trend is now apparent: unless The Methodist Church can become an active, leading force in the lives of its members, the decline will continue. To avoid becoming a shrinking minority the church must attract the young with their fresh ideas and unconventional thinking. A complete overhaul of the church machinery is long past due. I should include elimination of all "going through the motions" type organizational activity. A good housecleaning might help revive the church, create new interest, and set the stage for future action and growth.

## Like Author, He's Perturbed

HUGH P. STODDARD  
Auburn, Nebr.

As a layman, I have been deeply perturbed by many of the very things mentioned by Charles Merrill Smith in his May article. [See *How to Succeed in the Pulpit*, May, page 24.] For this reason I was surprised that in the July and August issues not one letter writer approved Author Smith's critical analysis.

I believe, however, that many persons are fed up with the type of sermon he describes and would welcome some clear-cut challenges by men with strong personal convictions.

## Comparable to Robert Benchley

MRS. AUDREY KERCHEVAL  
Whittier, Calif.

Unlike the writers whose letters you published in July and August, I loved your extremely funny satire *How to Succeed in the Pulpit*.

This marvelously talented author Charles M. Smith, displays pure writing genius comparable to that of the late great Robert Benchley. I plan to get a copy of his book, from which the TOGETHER article was taken, and I hope you will print more of his fine work.

It is a real joy to know that some Methodists are not too proud to poke a little fun at ourselves and that, as good Christians, we certainly are not



quired to be straitlaced and sour. I feel many people avoid contact with church and religion because they think we are a dry, humorless, "square" group. Men like Mr. Smith are doing important work in reaching out to folks like this and letting them see that churchgoing people can be human.

### South's Problem Misunderstood

MRS. C. F. FERRELL  
Greeneville, Tenn.

Regarding 'Next Time, Lord, Send Me' [July, page 39]: Are you all so sure? Are you really that positive?

In 1952 our family moved to Georgia. At that time I had the same dogmatic, prejudiced-in-my-own-way attitude as your magazine and today's "soldiers for civil rights." It took two full years of full-time residence in the Deep South before we even began to understand the depth and complexity of the South's problem.

Maybe I am wrong, but I cannot see the will of our Lord in the confusion, prejudice, and gross exaggeration on both sides that has resulted from these dramatic actions. Yes, something needs to be done. But is it too much to ask from those who would help that they just come to understand the problem? You don't treat smallpox by scrubbing the rash with steel wool.

### I Felt Like a Guest

SARAH BENNETT  
Instituto Metodista  
São Paulo, Brazil

This is a long overdue note of appreciation for the informative *Methodist Europa* guide published by TOGETHER June, 1963 [page 35].

In November, 1963, I was leaving for Europe, very concerned because my ties here at the school had not permitted me to plan my trip as I should. The week I was to leave, a package of TOGETHER magazines arrived, including the issue with the European maps. I put it in my bag and studied it as I went to Rome. Many times during the trip I felt more like an honor guest of the Methodists in Europe than a tourist. I constantly use TOGETHER's pictures and articles in my classes here. So not only do we enjoy reading the magazine, we also find it useful in our work.

### Grateful for Leadership

EUGENE A. SHOEMAKER  
St. Louis, Mo.

Thank you for the August articles dealing with the validity of demonstrations and the unusual ministry in Las Vegas. The work of Bishop Lord and the National Council of Churches in these instances should contribute to at least three things:

1. The encouragement of those who are interested in trying unusual forms

of ministry in order to witness to the Gospel.

2. The stimulation of all those who are committed to showing the relevance of the Gospel.

3. A strong proclamation that, in some ways at least, the church is making a relevant witness to its Lord.

I am grateful for the leadership being exerted in both these situations.

### Every City Has Its Sin

MRS. WILLIAM LANNOM  
Chicago, Ill.

I am extremely disgusted with your August cover and the three articles about Las Vegas [pages 17-22].

We all know that there is much sin of all kinds in every big city—probably in small towns, too. I am not condoning the gambling that goes on in Las Vegas. It is there, as it is in other Nevada towns. But some of our other cities have it, too—under cover.

I especially was disturbed because I have been in Las Vegas many times to visit my two sisters. Theirs are ardent church families, Christian in every sense, and they have grown to love their town. If you look beyond the gambling and casinos as I have, you will find much to praise in Las Vegas.

### Witness, Not Promotion

HARRY C. KIELY, Pastor  
Brightwood Park Methodist Church  
Washington, D.C.

The August issue is excellent, especially the series on Las Vegas. I think it was particularly good that your cover story [Chaplain Among Night People, page 18] was about a man who is not a Methodist. This emphasizes that our concern is for Christian witness rather than Methodist promotion.

### Evidence Was Lacking

ERNEST L. NEWTON, Exec. Sec.  
Nevada Taxpayers Association  
Carson City, Nev.

May I suggest that your Barnabas should take a lesson in responsible reporting? By publishing it in the August issue [see *Looks at New Books* page 55], you give credence to the assertion by one of author Wallace Turner's unidentified sources that seven Nevada businesses are guilty of a felony. I am disappointed that you have repeated this serious charge without (1) some statement of evidence or (2) identification of the source as someone who possesses the facts.

You assert that taxes on \$24 million are being evaded. That would be about \$12 million in taxes. Do you seriously believe that the collector of internal revenue would leave a stone unturned if he had any responsible evidence that such a large revenue was slipping from his tenacious grasp?

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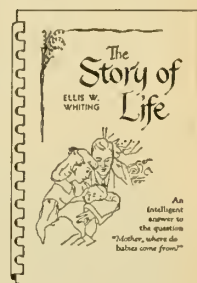
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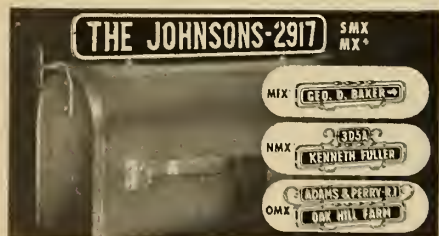
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I suggest you go where the gambling is. Nevada's gambling is "small business" compared with the legal gambling in New York, New Jersey, Florida, Maryland, Pennsylvania, and California. And the illegal gambling in those and other states far outstrips the legal operations.

### 'Careful, Accurate Analysis'

CHARLES C. PARLIN, *Secretary*  
Methodist Ad Hoc Committee on  
Union with the Evangelical United  
Brethren Church  
New York, N.Y.

The article *Anticipation vs. Apathy vs. Apprehension* [July, page 47] makes both a careful and an accurate analysis of the proposed Methodist-Evangelical United Brethren Church union. It should go far in clarifying the problems and the issues which we are confronting. Congratulations on a fine piece of reporting.

### EUB Support Growing

RAYMOND M. VEI, *Editor*  
Builders Magazine  
Evangelical United Brethren Church  
Harrisburg, Pa.

Felicitations on the excellent presentation of the proposed Methodist-EUB Church union in the July issue of TOGETHER. I have read it with profit and feel that it presents a most comprehensive statement in regard to our proposed union.

I would question one comment: "Few EUB lay members openly and enthusiastically support the proposal." I am finding an increasing number who feel that, as they gain more information regarding the union, it is a desirable prospect. Personally, I am most enthusiastic for it.

### Eagle a True Conservationist

MRS. F. C. LASKEY  
Blossomdell Bird Banding Station  
Nashville, Tenn.

*The Fallen Eagle* [July, page 51] betrays the author's complete ignorance of nature. As primitive man had to do, wild creatures must feed heavily when nature provides abundance. Thus they condition themselves to withstand the lean periods when food is scarce or unobtainable. They must store fat in the body to prepare for cold, winter months. An emaciated eagle could not soar very long.

The particular "greedy" eagle which TOGETHER's article described fed on material which no man wanted and which would be classed as waste. The eagle was a true conservationist.

For many years, eagles have been persecuted and shot for bounties in Alaska because man has claimed that they are exhausting the salmon supply. Actually, man himself has been doing that in several ways, yet the market

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if others chose to recognize only the laws that *they* liked and disregarded those they considered unjust or invalid?

It would be interesting to learn Bishop Lord's attitude toward those who broke the Prohibition laws during "the great experiment." Many people sincerely believed the laws unjust, but it is doubtful the bishop would have upheld individuals who broke *those* laws on that ground.

### 'Why Only Selma?'

ELMER N. HASSELL, *Pastor*  
*Farmville Methodist Church*  
*Farmville, Va.*

Regarding Bishop Lord's Selma march:

Why only Selma? Why not Rochester and Philadelphia last year? Why not Chicago this year? Or why not Las Vegas or any other area where needs are apparent? Is there so little to be done in Washington?

### Leaders Share Blame

SAM SCHWIEGER  
*Shreveport, La.*

All who love The Methodist Church are concerned because it has not been keeping pace with the population gain in recent years. Also some of its former evangelistic zeal seems to be ebbing.

For this slippage, laymen must take much blame, but some also rests on the church leadership. Proof of this weakness of some leaders was never more clearly demonstrated than by the fuzzy reasoning of Bishop Lord in his *In Defense of Demonstrations*.

### Apostles Set the Precedent

JOHN W. AMES  
*Mountain View, Calif.*

When a person has the fortitude to demonstrate his convictions, he should be commended rather than censured. But if he is censured, it certainly is his right to defend his position. When man's law is at variance with the law of God, the apostles established a precedent for Christians to follow: "We must obey God rather than men" (Acts 5:29). I am glad Bishop Lord has made his defense clear to *TOGETHER's* readers.

### Most Urgent Issue: Peace

MRS. H. W. McCLARY  
*Shelton, Wash.*

I have read my August copy of *TOGETHER* carefully and find nothing touching even remotely on the issue of greatest urgency to us all—the growing war in Viet Nam. What has happened to the Methodist "Race for Peace" that we heard about a few years ago? [See *Methodists Challenged to Join 'Race for Peace,'* January, 1962, page 71.]

Women are not necessarily specialists in international affairs, but we are specialists in nurturing life. We have

spent years teaching our children that arguments are not settled with club and knives. We should be the first to write by the thousands, even millions, urging our government to seek other alternatives to war in settling the difficult problem of how Viet Nam is to be governed.

I do not believe it is the will of the American people that we continue to accelerate the war in Viet Nam, leaving the initiative for a negotiated settlement to the other side. Has the church given up the struggle for abundant life to reserve its strength to bury the dead?

### Grandma's Tramp—'Neat'

MRS. JOHN W. BUNDY, JR.  
*Walla Walla, Wash.*

Each month my preteen daughter Mary, grabs my *TOGETHER*, leaving me to wait, not always patiently.

One day recently I was eating my lunch, belatedly getting my chance to look over the July issue when she came running in, propped her elbows on the table, and in typical high pitch asked "Say, did you read *Grandma's Tramp* [July, page 19]. Boy, that was neat!"

I managed to swallow my sandwich but was too startled to correct her grammar. I could only gulp and agree "Yes, it sure was neat." Then she was gone, leaving me to digest my lunch—and more.

She had shown me she was able to grasp the essence of this article; and decided that, despite your controversial art and some of the opinions expressed contrary to mine, as long as my child could glean such gems without parents preaching, *TOGETHER* would have a reserved place in my living room.

### Congeniality Was Restored

GEORGE W. GOODLEY, *Pastor*  
*Peniel Methodist Church*  
*Wilmington, Del.*

I was much interested in the new article about the split in old Chester Bethel Methodist Church near Wilmington, Del., back in 1849 over a new hymnal. [See *Hymnal 'Tadpoles' Split Church*, August, page 9.] The splinter group founded Siloam Church, just across the state line in Pennsylvania one mile north of Chester-Bethel Siloam, my boyhood church, celebrated its 100th anniversary in 1952.

As a child I heard from time to time that Siloam had started as a result of a controversy over music, but no one knew the details. Some said it was over installation of an organ. No one seemed to know which group wanted or which opposed the innovations.

I can add that the two neighboring congregations have been congenial for many years, holding joint Memorial Day parades and services for many a year. Undoubtedly, both will be enthusiastic about the new Methodist hymnal.



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# The Tampered Temple



*Faced by a new building committee, the filmstrip hero fears a new remodeling ordeal.*

“IN THE LAST 40 years I have been expanded, remodeled, redecorated, refurnished, redesigned, and replanned more than any other building in town.”

If buildings could talk, is there any doubt which one might voice such a plaintive lament? No doubt about it, in most towns such a statement most likely would come from a church.

Buildings cannot talk, of course, but thanks to an imaginative new filmstrip prepared for the Department of Architecture in the Methodist Board of Missions' National Division, all of the often-rebuilt church buildings now have a spokesman. Hero of the cartoon film is a church named *The Tampered Temple*, who tells his all-too-typical life story in a 33⅓ rpm phonograph record which accompanies the film.

Although the cartoon art is presented with some whimsical good humor, the message of *The Tampered Temple* is altogether serious. Its intended audiences are congregations who are preparing either to remodel an existing church building or to build a new structure from the ground up. The film's key theme: the need for careful advance planning to suit all purposes for which the church

will be used—worship, education, fellowship, service. And, as *The Tampered Temple* script points out, since it is impossible for a congregation to foresee all changes which will take place in the lifetime of a building, its basic design should be flexible enough to allow future changes without major remodeling.

A fellowship hall, for example, should be built so that it can be arranged for an occasional large banquet, or divided to accommodate several smaller dinner meetings simultaneously. Or the same room might be sectioned off for classrooms on Sunday mornings but used as a whole for dramatic productions staged conventionally on a raised platform or surrounded by their audiences “in the round.”

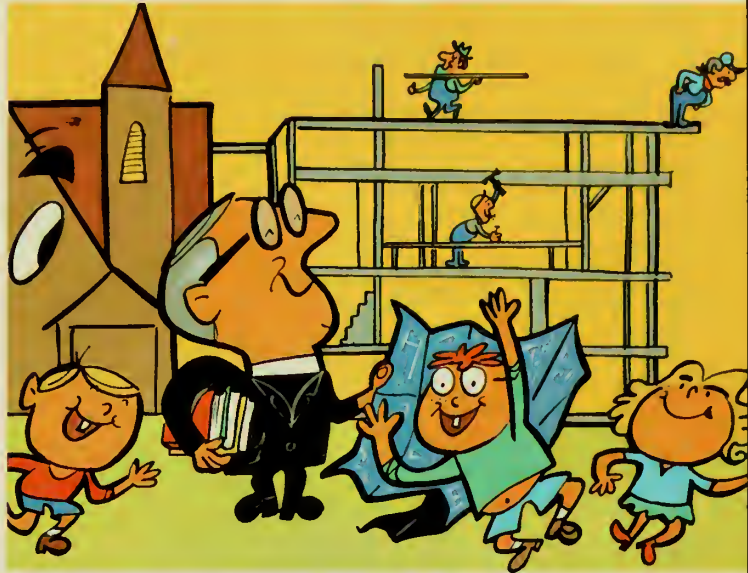
“Look toward the future,” urges Norman G. Byar, director of the Department of Architecture. “Too many church buildings are obsolete before they are built. Many building committees apparently are unaware of changes that have taken place in church architecture and the reasons behind them. Unless committees are willing to take the time to study their needs and formulate a program, the resulting building may not be an effective tool in the hands of tomorrow's leaders.”

—PAIGE CARLIN





As a church's leadership changes, so do the demands on its building. The *Tampered Temple*, cartoon hero of a new Board of Missions filmstrip, explains his 40-year evolution through the addition of a gymnasium, installation of a stage for dramatic productions, and erection of an adjoining education unit. "What we do in our churches," the script emphasizes, "should not be determined by the buildings we erect. Our buildings should be shaped by our worship and work." The admonition applies not only to fellowship halls and classrooms but to sanctuaries as well. A flexible design (the one below might be an example) will enable future generations to adapt the building to new patterns of worship without remodeling, often an expensive process.







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